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ON THE HISTORY OF
WESTERN CULTURE

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Get Kelvinator's sensational Moist-Master refrigeration! Super-moist cold dew-freshens greens . . . keeps uncovered leftovers fresh, tasty and appetizing for days . . . keeps perishable fruits wholesome and juicy. All without covered dishes or flavor transfer! A special glass-enclosed compartment, the Cold-Mist Freshener, is chilled by a separate set of cooling coils hidden in the walls. Kelvinator gives you a roomy zone of balanced cold for milk, butter, eggs, soft drinks, too!

Get Both Combined in Kelvinator!

Yes, when you get Kelvinator you get both . . . a real Frozen Food Chest and Moist-Master refrigeration. Both combined in the same beautiful cabinet . . . both powered by Kelvinator's completely dependable Polarsphere Unit! See this great new combination now at your Kelvinator dealer's! And see the five other great new Kelvinator models, too—there's one to fit every budget; serve every home-keeper's need!

KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT



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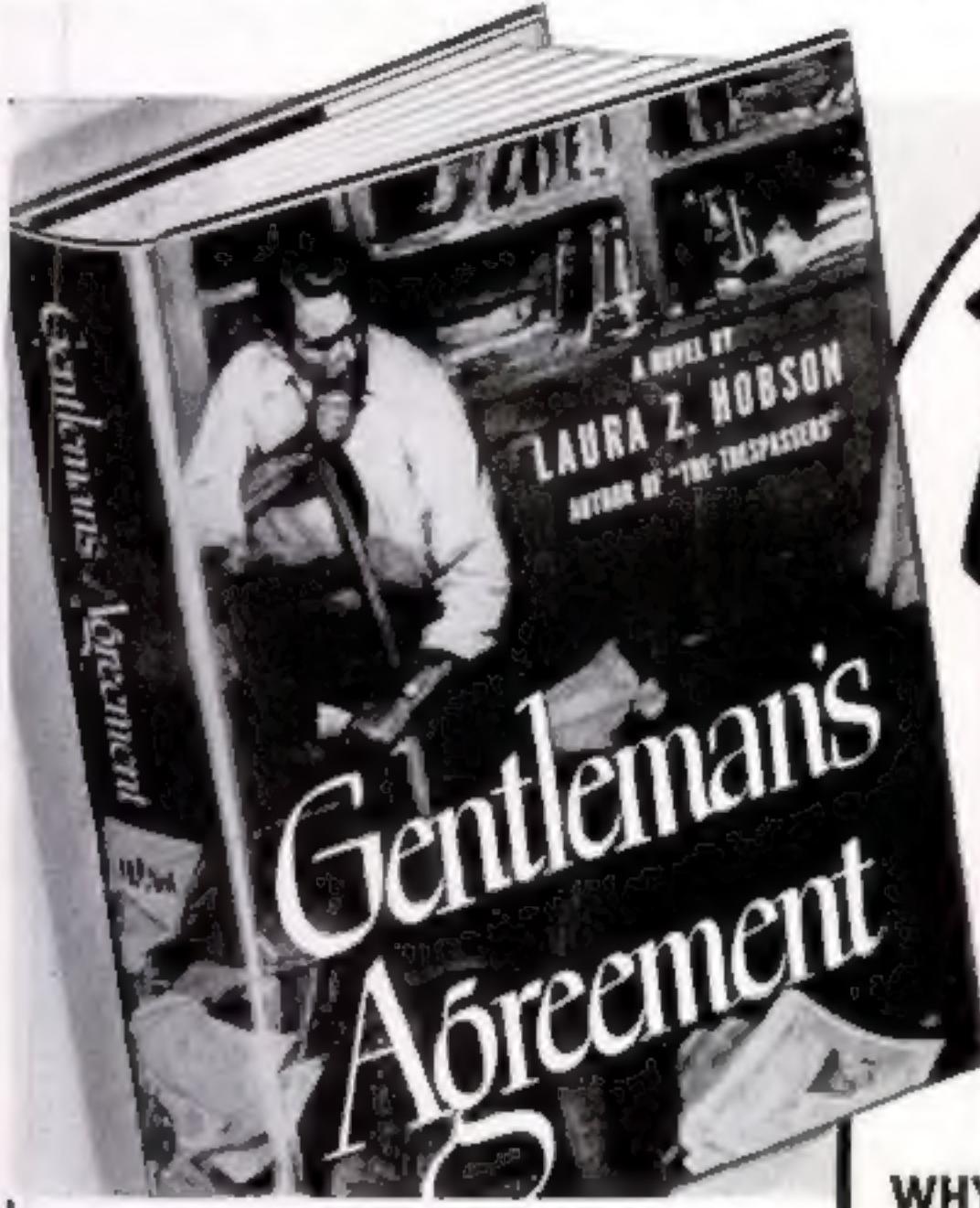
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deliverance...or doom!



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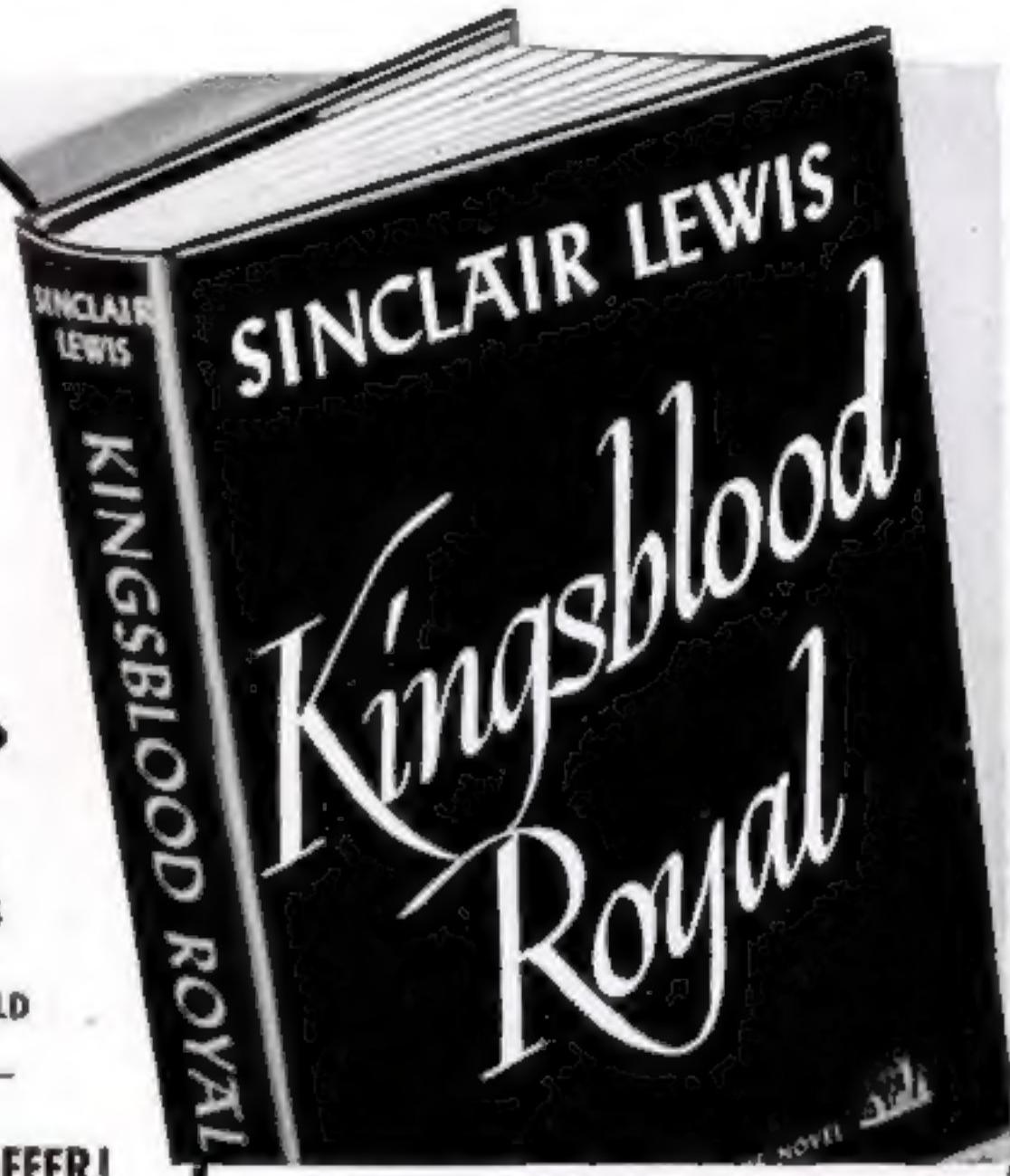
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look for the "Sanforized" label →

PERSONAL: If you don't want your shirts to keep binding you from excessive shrinkage, look for the "Sanforized" label before you buy!

Smart folks always look for it on washable shirts, pajamas, shorts, work clothes, slacks, women's and children's wear.

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Wherever there is a Bell telephone office, you will find it operated and managed mostly by home town people.

For the Bell System is made up of many hundreds of local units, each serving its own community. So the telephone company isn't something big and far away but close to your home and your interests.

This means compact, efficient operation and it also helps to keep a friendliness and a neighborliness in the conduct of the telephone business.

The Bell telephone people in your community aim to be good citizens in all things, in addition to giving you good and economical telephone service.



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CB6W-RW5-OEXS



Of America's leading cigarettes, PALL MALL—and only PALL MALL—is "Outstanding"!... For PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke... filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos... gives you outstanding smoothness... mellow... mildness.

OUTSTANDING
*-and they are
mild!*

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CATHOLIC CONGRESS

Sirs:

Your presentation of the Marian Congress at Ottawa, Canada (LIFE, July 14) appears to be a deliberate attempt to hold up to ridicule a magnificent public demonstration of Catholic devotion to the Mother of God....

JAMES R. SPRUNG

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I resented your attitude and the description given the Marian Congress and as a Catholic I was disgusted.... Evident sarcasm was prevalent in the few lines about the good nuns.... We love our Blessed Mother and it turns our stomachs when we are accused of adoration and idolatry because this love is shown on a grand scale.

R. H. LANGDON

Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Sirs:

I was certainly very pleased to find the excellent coverage of the Marian Congress. Even though I did not get to attend the congress myself, it was awe-inspiring to have it so fully covered in such a widely circulated magazine as LIFE. All Hail to the Blessed Mother of God!

JOHN J. FOSTER

Evansville, Ind.

Sirs:

For God's sake, if I may be as uncouth as your story on the Catholic Congress in Canada, don't altogether prostitute your magazine by unfolding and upholding the antics of an ecclesiastical circus! The stomachs of intelligent Catholics must surely be in violent protest against such publicity, which is certain to engender ridicule and disgust....

CARROLL BRANDT

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

... I cannot see why the supposedly "true" faith must resort to cheap exhibitionism and degrade the entire Christian religion by setting it off in fireworks while the faithful

munch hot dogs in their shrine.... We will probably soon see adjacent billboards—one urging us to drink beer and ale and the other entreating us to join the Catholic Church....

GEORGE YANEY

Tesneck, N. J.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Sirs:

The U.S. ought to accept Elizabeth Taylor (LIFE, July 14) as full payment for our Lend-Lease to England.

GENE KOPPEL

St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

And to think that I looked at horses in *National Velvet*!

MALCOLM WILLIAMSON

Waynesville, N. C.

ASCOT

Sirs:

I find that Noel F. Busch, in his "Afternoon at Ascot" (LIFE, July 14), has misled your readers by saying, "... the Royal Enclosure is not only the best place from which to watch the races but also the only one from which it is possible to see the finish line at all."

As a member of the 9th Air Force Service Command, I lived for some 10 months within the Ascot Race Course. Our American prefabricated barracks were located on the inside part of the course at the starting point for the races. It was only a mere matter of sitting on top of the barracks during the races to observe them from start to finish.

Unlike American race courses, the spectators are permitted on the other side of the track by means of a subway under it. Many a night during an air raid I ran like hell down that track to the subway, and many a night the course record was broken unofficially by a GI with Jerry, flying low, hot on his tail. The spectators, once on the inside of the track, are not only able to see the finish line but also the king and queen and those gray top hats in the Royal Enclosure as well.

JOEL P. DARELL

Stockton, Calif.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5

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To see the world...
To eyewitness great events...

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MODEL
801

Here's the finest in television—the finest in radio—combined by General Electric in one console of magnificent mahogany. Pictures large enough for a roomful of people show all the action in natural clarity. Sharp detail is assured by the G-E automatic clarifier. Either television or radio gives you every sound in the glorious realism of natural tone. You'll save space and cost by getting two instruments in one. You'll enjoy both television and radio more with a General Electric.

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Emerald Green livens up
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The imported Nor-East
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resists wrinkles, makes a trim
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Wembley*
*Wears...and Wears
...and Wears*

CRUSH IT!



TWIST IT!



KNOT IT!



NOT A WRINKLE!



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

THE OREGON LOOK

Sirs:

In "The Great Oregon Beauty Controversy" (LIFE, July 14) it appears that either Miss Terry had better stick to designing bathing suits or enlist



OCELOT, NOT LEOPARD

the services of a good furrier to pick out her props. That "leopard-skin rug" looks suspiciously like an ocelot coat....

A. D. PERKINS
Manager

Fur Department
Cottrell and Leonard Inc.
Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

John Gunther and Bernard DeVoto are the sort of sad sacks who always look on the dark side of things. All right, so a large percentage of the women are just fat. You can still look at the good-looking ones, can't you?

Texas or Oregon or Milwaukee—I think it is all about the same. Break it down like this: in metropolitan Milwaukee there are about 800,000 persons. Four hundred thousand of these are women. About 10%, or 40,000, are at the right ages to be interesting. Of these 40,000 perhaps 5%, or 2,000, are in the categories ranging from "nice-looking babe" to "whew! some tomato!"

HOWARD GRUENBERGER
Milwaukee, Wis.

LANE ON POLAND

Sirs:

Arthur Bliss Lane has done a great service to democracy and to the Polish cause by presenting these ugly but irrefutable facts concerning the fate which befell the Polish people as a result of Teheran and Yalta in his article, "How Russia Rules Poland" (LIFE, July 14).

Millions of Americans who may have had only a vague idea of the state of affairs in Poland are now learning the truth.

J. A. KAPMARSKI
Editor

Kuryer Polski
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

My hat goes off to Arthur Bliss Lane for his most enlightening and revealing article....

It certainly makes one feel good that finally people of note see through Russian imperialism, despotism and a series of broken promises, and that these people are finally speaking out to the American public with the stark and naked truth....

STANLEY MAZLARZ
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

In Arthur Bliss Lane's article I noted that one of the subtitles was "Why the government officials have shifty eyes." On reading the article I learned that Modzelewski's eyes were bright and shifty, and that Bierut possessed

the singularly exasperating habit of never looking one in the eye. In fact, if we may take Lane at his word, every pro-Soviet official had one characteristic in common—ability to look our ambassador squarely in the eye.

Could it be that Lane has been reading too many turn-of-the-century novels in which the hero, usually a square-jawed chap, is always staring directly into the eyes of other people with his own steel-blue peepers? Conversely, in these magnum opuses, the villain never could get his eyes up above the knee, particularly the heroine's....

C. G. BELISSARY

Nashville, Tenn.

WYLIE

Sirs:

Philip Wylie's letter (LIFE, July 14) is the first intelligent writing, with the exception of the letters column, which has appeared in your publication in many months.

My first thought after reading it was to suggest that the space now being devoted to your editorials be turned over to the letters column. However the elimination of your editorials would deprive your readers of the inspiration for their letters. Your particular type of self-righteous hokum seems best able to bring forth such brilliant and caustic criticism as was contained in Mr. Wylie's letter. May I, therefore, suggest that on alternate weeks you feed us your intellectual pap and the following week print the mental regurgitation of readers unable to stomach your "let's get back to the good old medieval days" type of editorial thinking.

PAUL TALBOT

New York, N.Y.

PAINTERS' SUMMER

Sirs:

In "Painters' Summer" (LIFE, July 14) you state, "One thing Easterners appreciate more than Westerners and Southerners is summer. The reason is that their annual allotment of warm weather is comparatively short."

I want to thank you gentlemen for one of the most profound and cogent bits of reasoning I have encountered since Calvin Coolidge wrote his famous words, "Baseball is our national game."

LEONARD LEE

Beverly Hills, Calif.

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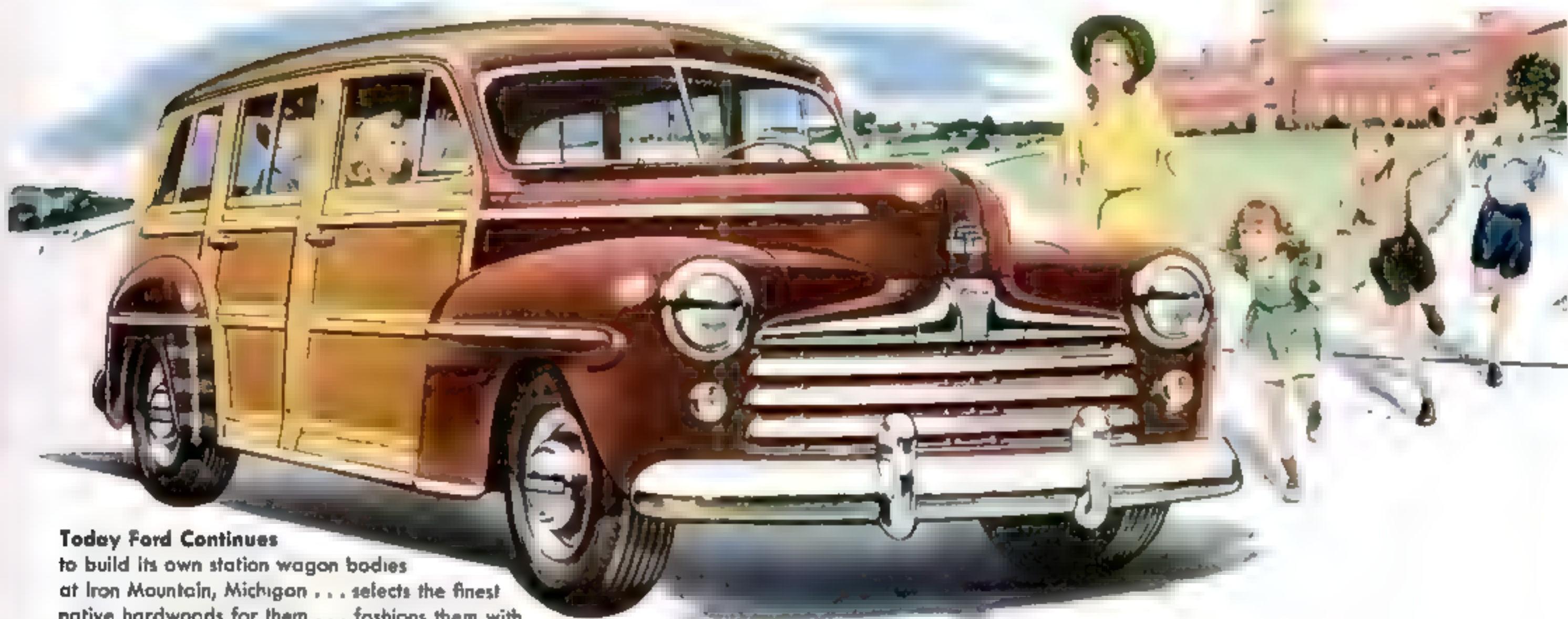
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Ford's out Front

WITH A FAMILY AFFAIR!



Do you know why more people have picked Ford station wagons than any other make? Here's one reason: Ford pioneered the station wagon . . . introduced this smart utility model to an appreciative public. Yes, Ford has produced more cars of this body type than all other makers put together.



Today Ford Continues to build its own station wagon bodies at Iron Mountain, Michigan . . . selects the finest native hardwoods for them . . . fashions them with real cabinetmaker craftsmanship. "It's the best looking, longest lasting station wagon on the road today," say owners . . . "Way out front in popularity!"



There's a  in your future

Really two cars in one! Eight people can travel comfortably in the Ford station wagon . . . and in real style! And for light hauling, both rear seats are easily, quickly removable. It's the handiest carry-all ever . . . a real family affair!



This-n-that about Ham

BY

Marie Gifford



Director, Armour Consumer Service

Picture this on your own porch table! Cool, airy slices of America's Luxury Ham— with Melon Salads dressed in fresh lime juice. Could anything be more appealing on a sultry August evening?

Summer Supper Treat. Arrange thin slices of Armour Star Ready-to-Eat Ham on your prettiest platter. On one side place 12 wedges of honeydew or cantaloupe melon, topped with green grapes, fresh peach slices, or berries for contrast. The final touch— fresh lime wedges— flavor mug for mineral water!



Frenched Ham Sandwiches. Youngsters love 'em— grownups, too! Try this new way to use leftover ham. Spread ground ham filling between half slices of not-too-fresh bread. Dip whole sandwich in mixture of 1 cup milk, 1 beaten egg and 1/2 tsp. salt (like you do French Toast). Brown in butter or ham drippings. Wonderful with mushroom sauce!

Collecting Compliments on your cooking is easy with Armour Star Ham! Each one a prize! For it's been picked out from the regular run of hams and烟熏过的 by an exclusive Armour process. Mellow, full, rich with wood smoke—it's America's Luxury Ham!

Can You Spot a Good Buy? Then you choose ham often—you can count on it for so many good, substantial meals! Perfect choice for summer meals—no sandwich of a cooked Armour Star Ham,



Helpful Hints on making the most of your ready-to-eat ham. Split it lengthwise—as the picture shows— starting at shank end and letting knife follow the bone. Use the cushion side for cold slices—or thicker ones heated quickly. Use the bone-in ham—raw or ground—for casseroles, salads, sandwiches. The bone makes grand soup!



What Every Woman Ought to Know. Because of the new methods in ham yes, even canned whole hams—should be kept in the refrigerator. Grandmother's "coal" basement won't do. Hot safe in the refrigerator—hams retain their fine, sweet, wood-smoked flavor.

Free Recipe Booklet—new and delicious ways to use ham. To get yours write Marie Gifford, Dept. 115, P.O. Box 2603, Chicago 9, Ill.



Such coolness for a hot summer evening—

AMERICA'S LUXURY HAM

Hand Picked • Sugar Cured • Tender Cooked



The best and nothing but the best

is labeled **ARMOUR** ★

LIFE'S REPORTS



IN LAS VEGAS, AS ELSEWHERE, WHISKY, BEER REPLACE FANCY DRINKS

DRINKING IN THE U.S.

LIFE correspondents find Americans are sobering up

On June 24 the Distilled Spirits Institute reported that in the first 4 months of 1947 American liquor consumption had taken a sharp drop from the all-time high of 920 million quarts in 1946. At the same time bar and nightclub owners everywhere are bemoaning a recession in their business. Checking up on what has come over U.S. drinkers, LIFE's correspondents reported as follows:

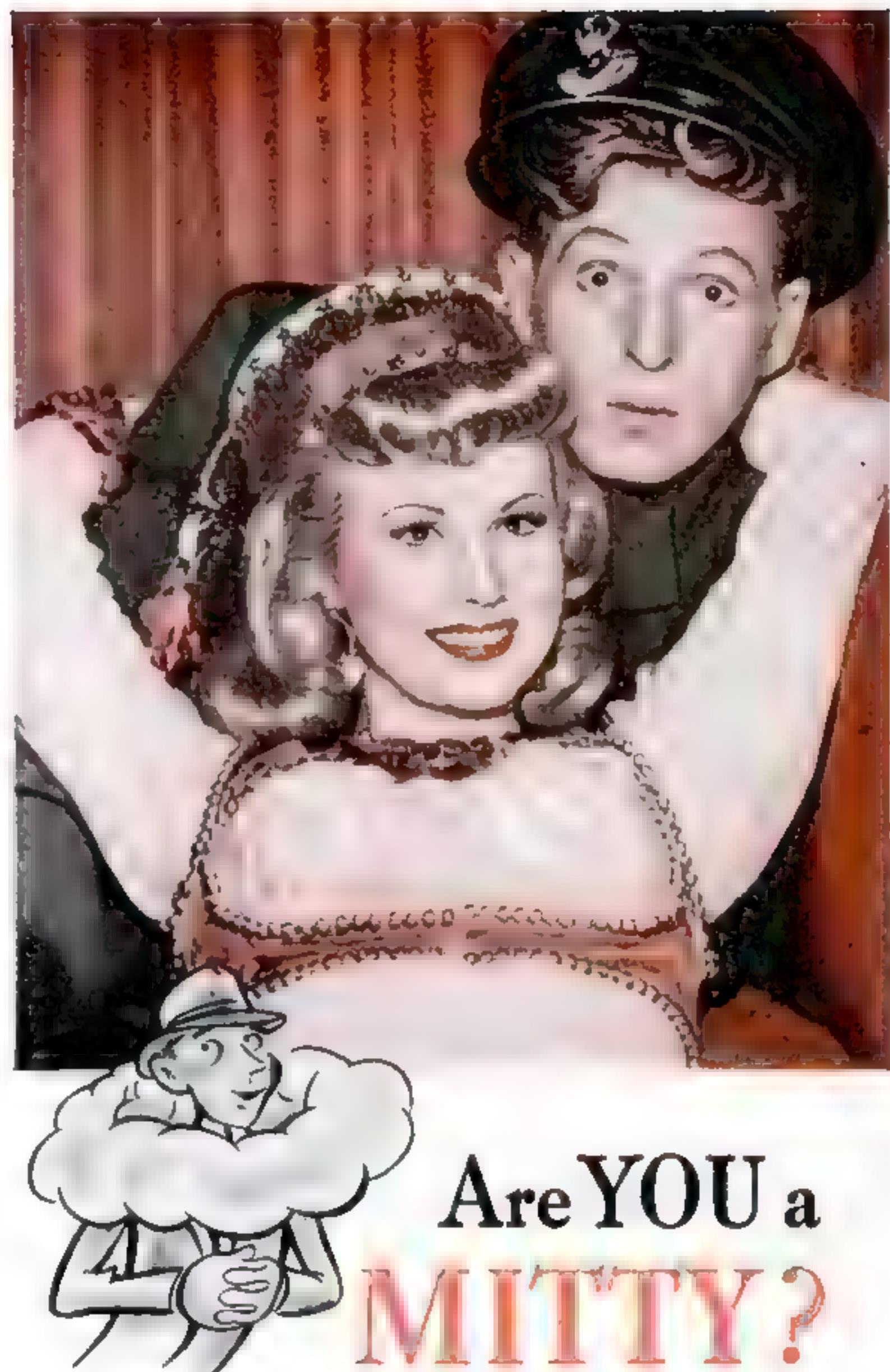
BOSTON

Some sweeping observations on drinking in Boston can readily be made: people here are returning to common, garden-variety drinks and turning away from fancy concoctions; bars are grossing about 30% less than they were a year ago; there are fewer rowdy drunks at bars than in the war years.

At the famous and gaudy Silver Dollar in downtown Boston, a mecca for sailors passing through, the cigaret butts and other refuse covering the floor is said to add glamour to the tinsel appearance of the bar. A heavy-lidded customer is just as likely to lean askew and spit over his neighbor's shoulder in the general direction of the floor as he is to bum a cigaret from his neighbor. Sometimes the customer's aim does him no credit. On a recent Tuesday night the long bar was almost filled with customers, but no women were allowed to sit there. They are confined to the booths, where their presence is not as likely to touch off "incidents." All customers at the bar were ordering the 10¢ beer on draught, and it was 35 minutes before a tieless man, just as shabbily dressed as the beer drinkers, ordered a rye drink. "What kind of rye you want?" asked huge, affable Moe, the bartender. "We got it smooth, soft and mashed." Slightly bewildered, the customer said, "I don't care. Anything. I wouldn't know the difference anyway."

No one at the Silver Dollar bar was talking to his neighbor. They were all together, but all were alone. They sat glaring at the bottles behind the counter. Moe explained the apathetic condition of his customers: "At the beginning of the week the drinkers are all a lot of petered-out bank rolls. They can't make a lot of noise on what they're drinking. On Friday and Saturday nights the joint will be busting with guys unloading their pay checks."

The average Harvard student prefers the livelier, gaudier setting of McBride's Rathskeller on Cambridge's Harvard Square. The Rathskeller has pin-ball machines and juke boxes. There the Harvard men can also get inebriated without offending. In one hour of association with the Rathskeller bar the only variation from lurid tales of female conquests in conversations by the young male students, told



Are YOU a
MITTY?

CAN you, like Danny Kaye, daydream yourself as a daring ace? Can you become seven different personalities in your day-dreams? Does the girl of your daydreams ever come true, like Virginia Mayo? How would you like to be frightened by Boris Karloff, hen-pecked by Fay Bainter, pursued by Ann Rutherford, and adored by the gorgeous Goldwyn Girls? You, too, can be a Mitty if you try! Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you "The Best Years Of Our Lives," now gives you *the best time of your life* in "**The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty**," photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod and sparkling with matchless music.

Entertainment in the Goldwyn manner

wherever you go

-go in Corduroy



This is the Corduroy dress to pair with jacket, left—coat, below.

Dress . . . \$14.98
Jacket, left . . . 12.98
Skirt, left . . . 7.98

These are Slacks and Smarty Pants to go with jacket or coat.

Slacks . . . \$8.98
Smarty Pants . . . 7.98

Here's the Highwayman coat to combine with suit, dress or slacks.

Coat . . . \$24.98
All in sizes 10-16



Pin-wale Corduroy—the season's fashion fabric. The Koret of California label—at such low prices—imagine! Every style in Waverly Flannel, too.

You'll find these NOW in stores across the country, or write—we'll tell you where.

Koret of California

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LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

in too-loud voice which had to be quieted intermittently by the dour bartender, was an unabashed request for three cents to round out 17 already in possession for a last beer before the 12 o'clock curfew at the bar.

—DICK WILKES

LOS ANGELES

During the war years, with a population swollen by war workers and servicemen, Los Angeles went on a binge equal in reckless spending to the hard-drinking days of the American frontier. This year, however, the honeymoon is over. Owners, managers and the men behind the bars estimate purchases have sagged from 40% to 60% in some locations. The high price of liquor is generally conceded to be the cause of the decline.

The most apparent hangover from the widespread and often unrestrained imbibing during the war years is the greater number of chronic alcoholics. Hollywood is probably the only place in the U.S. where membership in Alcoholics Anonymous is not anonymous. A screen celebrity's induction is attended by a fanfare of newspaper publicity and radio comment, and admission to the group has become almost as fashionable as elopements to Las Vegas or the adoption of children.

One of the principal annoyances to Beverly Hills and Hollywood bartenders is that they are sometimes called as witnesses in divorce suits and other legal difficulties of the movie people. Consequently they have learned considerable discretion. "We've always got our back turned when a couple gets in an argument," says one movieland barkeep. "Also, when we see somebody come in with somebody else's wife or someone other than his own wife. No matter which side you take in a divorce suit, you've got to expect that the other side will boycott your place."

As drinking has decreased, barroom conduct has also become less flamboyant than it was during the war years. According to one Sunset Strip bartender, "Seven out of 10 customers during the war came in to get drunk. They figured that was a way to get relief from all the war tensions. Conduct is much better now and I'd say only 5% come in now to get drunk. Most people now drink only for sociable reasons." Many customers in those days were newly arrived war workers, and much of the improved conduct is attributable to the fact that "most of the biggest hell-raisers have gone back to Texas where they came from."

—CLAUDE STANUSH

DALLAS

Texans are not drinking as much as they did last year, but it is more a matter of inflation than lack of thirst. One can't buy a 50¢ drink, only a \$5 bottle. Thus a Negro waiter in the bar of a Dallas club can explain succinctly, "That fast buck is gone, Jack."

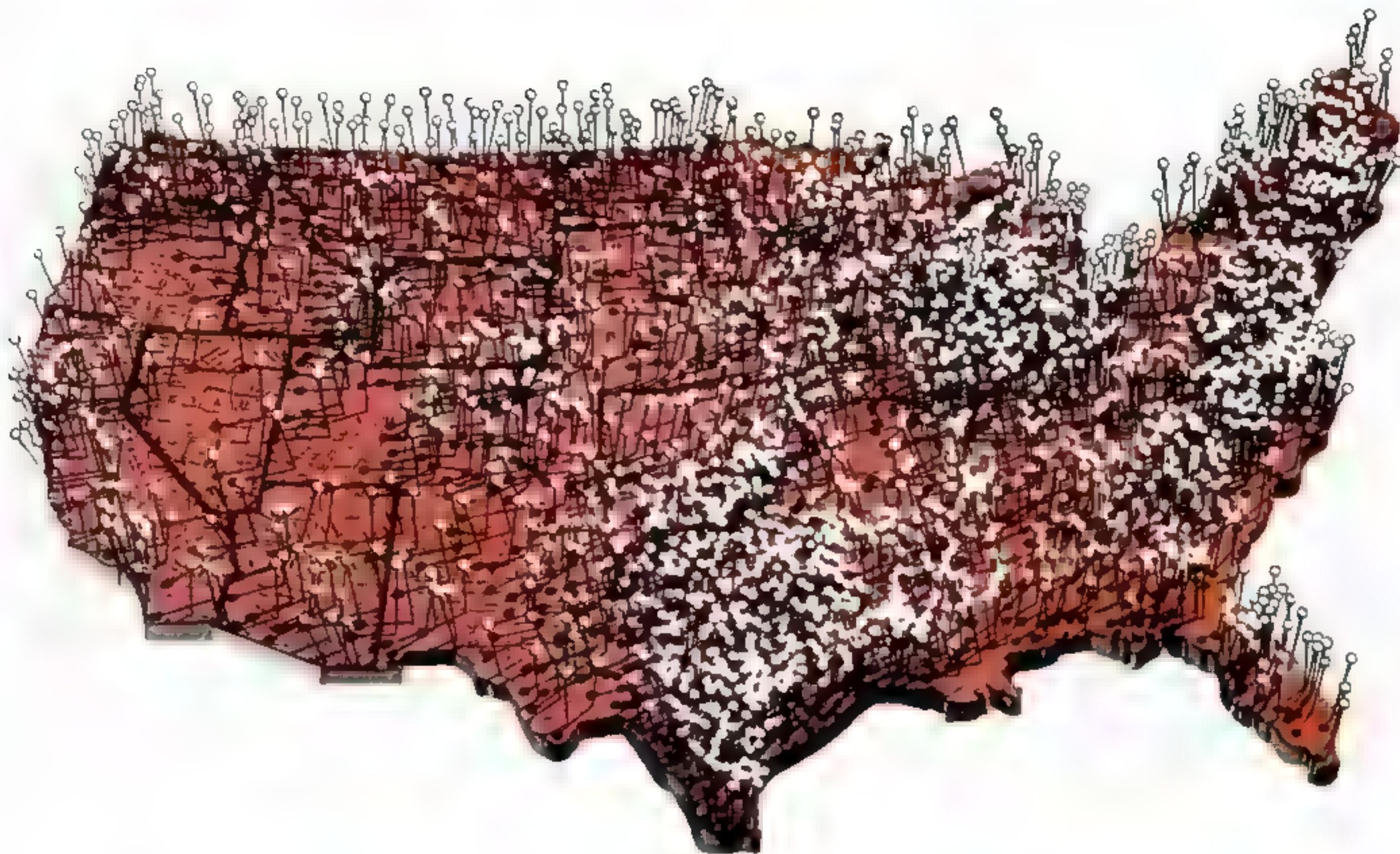
What one drinks and how one drinks it in Texas depend mostly on who one is. Tycoons and socialites do much of their drinking in private clubs, which flourish even in the driest of dry territory. A recent tabulation in a Dallas club indicates that 20% of those present were drinking beer, 33% highballs, 20% Manhattans or Martinis, 13% whisky sours and 7% Tom Collinses.

Others do a lot of drinking in their cars, although this is generally regarded as accounting for only a small share of the wild driving one encounters in Texas, which is mostly caused by innate exuberance. But probably the bulk of Texas drinking is done at home—one's own or the homes of friends. Here is found the universality of the bourbon highball as a hard drink. For non-Texans a host usually provides Scotch as well. To show his guests that he is a cosmopolite, the host will usually drink Scotch; to show his acceptance of Texas ways, the guest will usually drink bourbon. After the first drink this artificial arrangement usually reverses itself to the more natural state.

Along the Rio Grande one finds occasional drinkers of tequila or mescal, though most Texans distrust the effects of these potions. After drinking mescal, according to a Texas writer named Hart Stilwell, the juice of a lemon tastes sweet. Stilwell once remarked, "If, after taking five or six mescals, you reach up and feel something cold and puttylike near your face, don't be alarmed. It is your face."

It is somewhat surprising that there are not more fights than there are in the bars of Texas; there are plenty but not so many as the wild West movies indicate. The standard touchiness of the Texan, including his womenfolk, leads to more and hotter arguments than one finds in eastern and northern bars. But most such real-life arguments are settled amicably, presumably because loneliness is universal in the wide-open spaces, even in the cities, and if one killed or otherwise alienated his bar companion there might be nobody left to talk to. Texans cluster at bars. Never seen is that standard figure of unhappy solitude which is proverbial in New York,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



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LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

"the man at the end of the bar," moodily and silently nursing his drink.

One curious item about Texas drinking is that cowboys can, and in practice tend to, get drunker than almost anybody. The reason for this seems to be that many cowboys take an occasional swig in the saddle and in the activity of riding its effects quickly disappear. At a party, where no such exercise is involved, the genuine potency of liquor sneaks up and surprises them.

Other Texans, however, have superficially developed some strange drinking metaphysics of their own. One sweet old lady from a sedate east Texas family—clearly a member of the crinoline-and-Old-South set—once explained that she thought drinking a Martini before lunch was sinful. "It jus' wastes the effect," she said. "I always have at least five."

—DON MORRIS

NEW ORLEANS

Come war, depression or prohibition, New Orleans always has been a drinking town, but in spite of estimated 2,000 places serving alcoholic beverages, it is a town where drinking is an art and a social pleasure rather than a means to an end. Sure, New Orleans has its dives and clip joints, but it has more than its share of bars like the old Absinthe House, Tujagues, Arnauds, the Sazarac and many others where the old traditions of gentle drinking are cherished and honored. New Orleans always has been a mixed-drink town, still is. Any bartender or mixologist worthy of his bitters can and will tell you the cocktail was invented here. Year in and year out the mint julep is the big drink, the steady seller. With the coming of the hot months, gin drinks and cold beer spurt ahead.

At the Old Absinthe House, Proprietor Owen Brennan, a genial and fortyish Irishman who has been in liquor business all his life, estimates 85% of all drinks sold are bourbon-based. "Women especially," he adds, "go in for sweet drinks, things like our Pirate's Dream, a 28-ounce job with a rum base and guaranteed to make every man look like a mate."

At the Court of the Two Sisters, George Mariano, who left the prize-fight ring for the bar, sadly filled four glasses that looked like barrels with the tops knocked off. "Hurricanes, rum drinks. Women order 'em. I hate 'em. They take so long to make. The Hurricanes, not the women."

"The ladies are always welcome here," his boss hurriedly explained, "but most of the time they don't know what they are drinking. They just order the biggest, fanciest, prettiest drink in the house."

Mariano shuddered as the waiter gave him another order. "I can't help it," the waiter said. "The lady wants a sweet whisky sour."

—ED OGLE



OLD ABSINTHE HOUSE in New Orleans urges tourists to tack up calling cards, often with money attached, which they can spend later when broke.



Fathers and sons are a common sight in the busy Studebaker plants—As a result, there's a consistent continuity of high quality construction in Studebaker cars and trucks. Peter and Floyd Dreibel, pictured here, work in different departments although they've been photographed together. In many of the Studebaker father and son combinations, however, the son is an apprentice—the father his instructor.

Men of conscience as well as competence build long life into your Studebaker

This painstaking care began back in 1852... it's worth more than ever now in 1947

IT'S certainly sound sense to put your new-car money into a distinctive post-war Studebaker.

You get far-advanced styling and engineering—a really modern 1947 automobile. This up-to-dateness gives you the finest kind of motoring now. It's sure to make your Studebaker a much demanded car when the time comes to trade it in.

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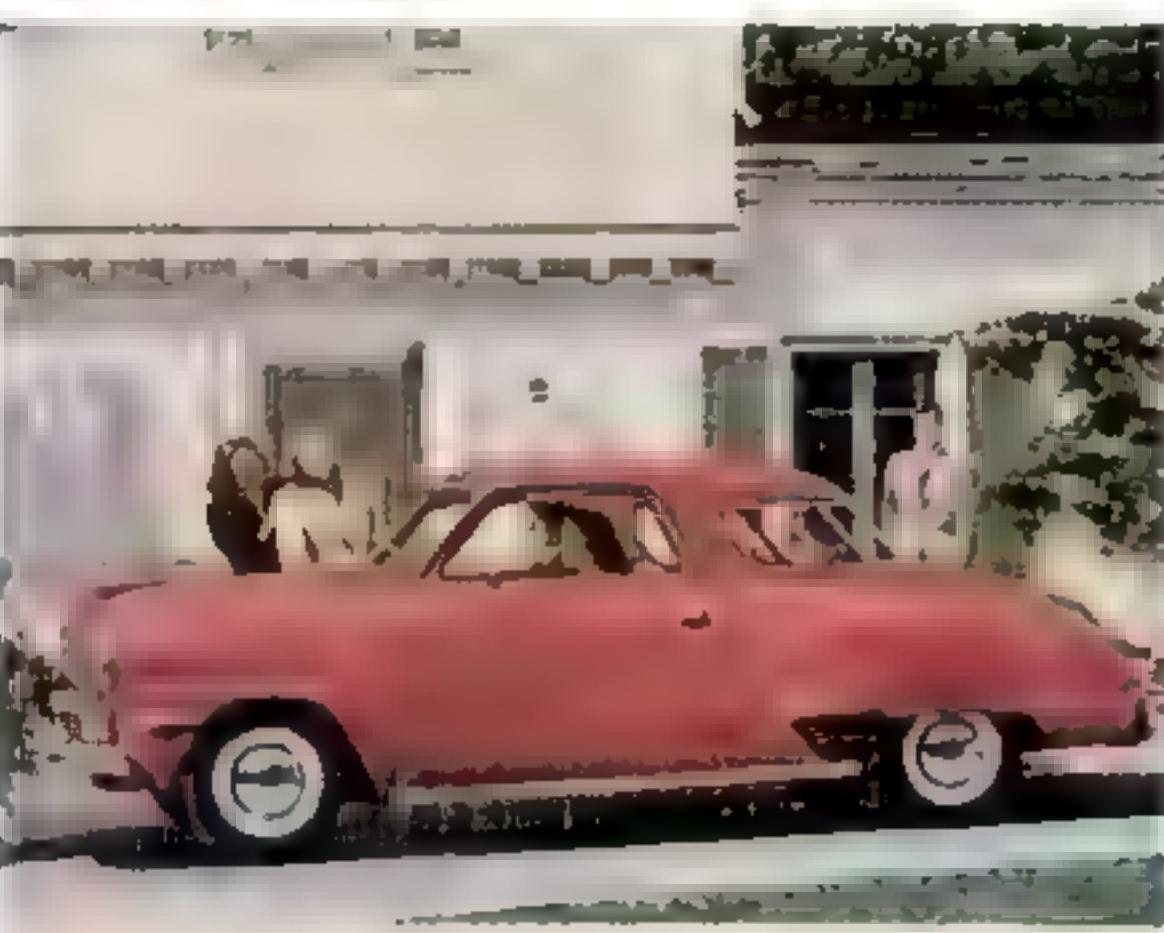
These men come largely from families whose names have long been part of Studebaker's history. It's in their blood to believe that good workmanship goes hand in hand with good will.

That's why the surviving soundness of your Studebaker is the constant envy of your neighbors. A Studebaker almost never wears out.

It represents more than the source of a paycheck to Studebaker craftsmen. It represents a reputation that they, their kinsmen and fellow townsmen have been upholding for more than 95 years.

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Take the American Oil Industry, made up of more than 34,000 individual firms of all sizes. In this competitive business 1,250,000 people make their living in oil production, oil transportation, refining, research, marketing.

Here rivalry spurs progress—finds ways to provide Americans with finer petroleum products at the lowest prices in the world...better gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil...better things from petroleum in a hundred fields—chemistry, medicine, farming, manufacturing.

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THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS



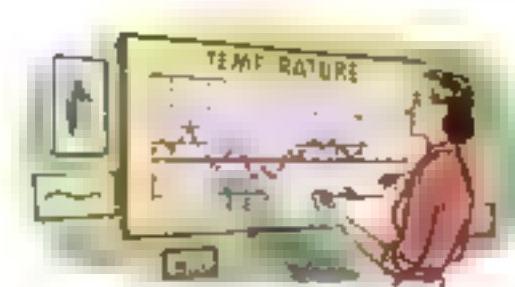
By "directional drilling," oil wells can now turn corners underground. By advancements such as this, 13,475 oil production companies help build up America's oil reserves.



Today's tankers speed at a rate 50% faster than 20 years ago. 650 companies engage in oil transportation by tanker, barge, pipe-line or rail. Result—better service, lower costs.



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Common cause of many repair bills now overcome by new mainspring

If your watch is in and out of the repair shop frequently, chances are you're having mainspring trouble. Mainsprings are one of the most common sources of watch repairs. For the finest steel mainsprings possible to make often "set"—lose part of their watch-running power. Or, weakened by rust, they break.

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AND WHAT FLAVOR! The full-bodied roaster-fresh flavor you'd expect from the world's most popular blend of coffee! And that wonderful flavor's all there . . . full strength . . . heavenly rich! No fast-melting ice to dilute it, because you use cold water!

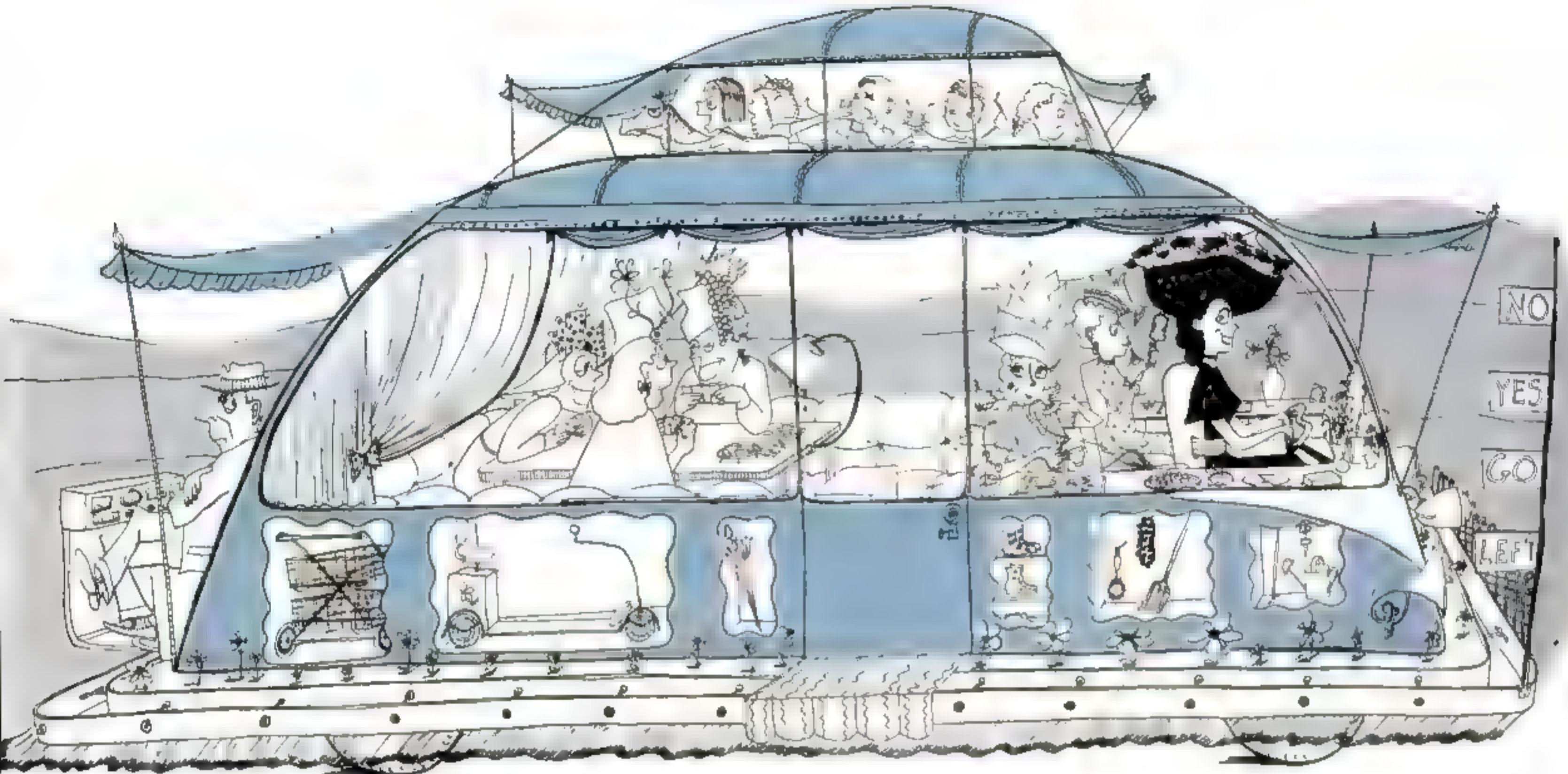
MAKE IT ONCE, see how much easier it is! Taste it once, see how much better it is! It's your favorite Maxwell House blend all ready for the glass or cup . . . and Good to the Last Drop!

TIMESAVER TIP! For large quantity servings, mix in pitcher, measuring coffee and water according to number of glasses desired.

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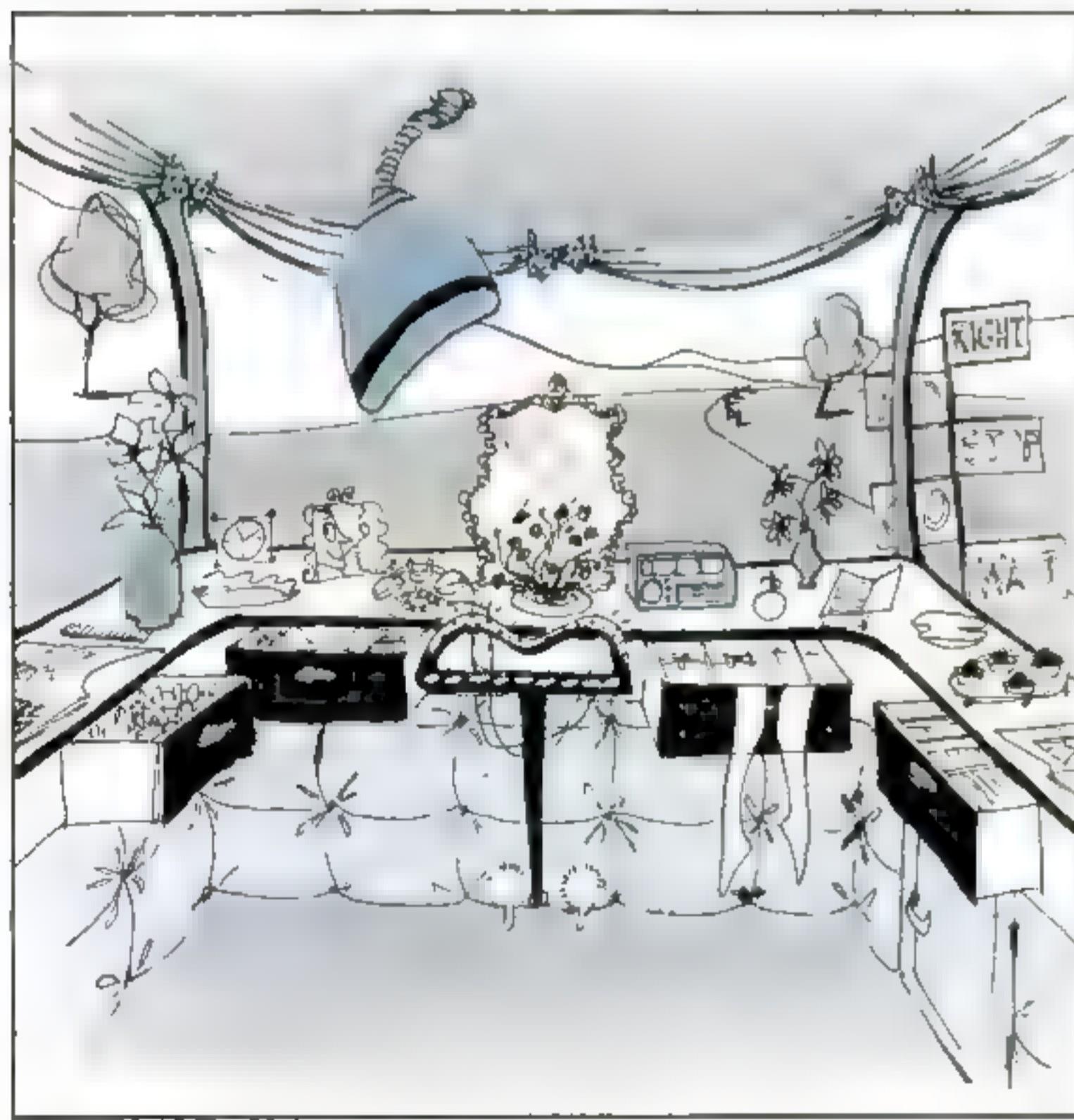
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The Maxwell House Blend



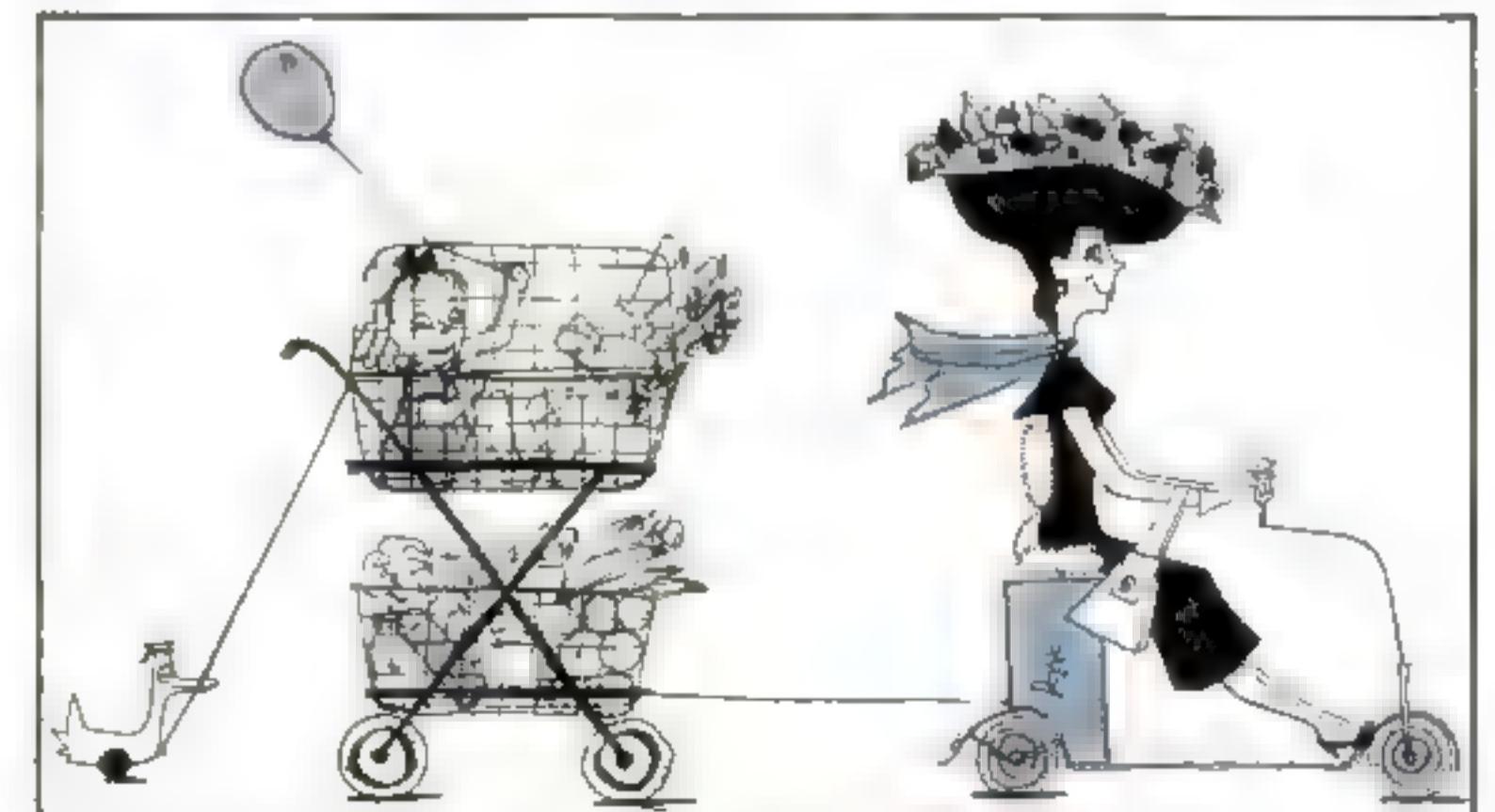
EAKIN DREAM CAR is roomy like Osborn's. It boasts overstuffed upholstery, washable drapes that let down for privacy, ample drawer and closet space, telephones, awnings fore and aft, upper-deck playroom for kiddies. Two strong steel bumpers go all the way around the vehicle, which also has a cowcatcher arrangement in the front. Plexi-

glas compartments on the outside contain "shopping scooter" and trailer (description below), an umbrella stand, shoe racks, a mop-closet, gardening tools for the flower beds. All instruments, dials and gadgets are on an exterior control board at rear where husband, who understands these things, can sit and look at them to his heart's content.

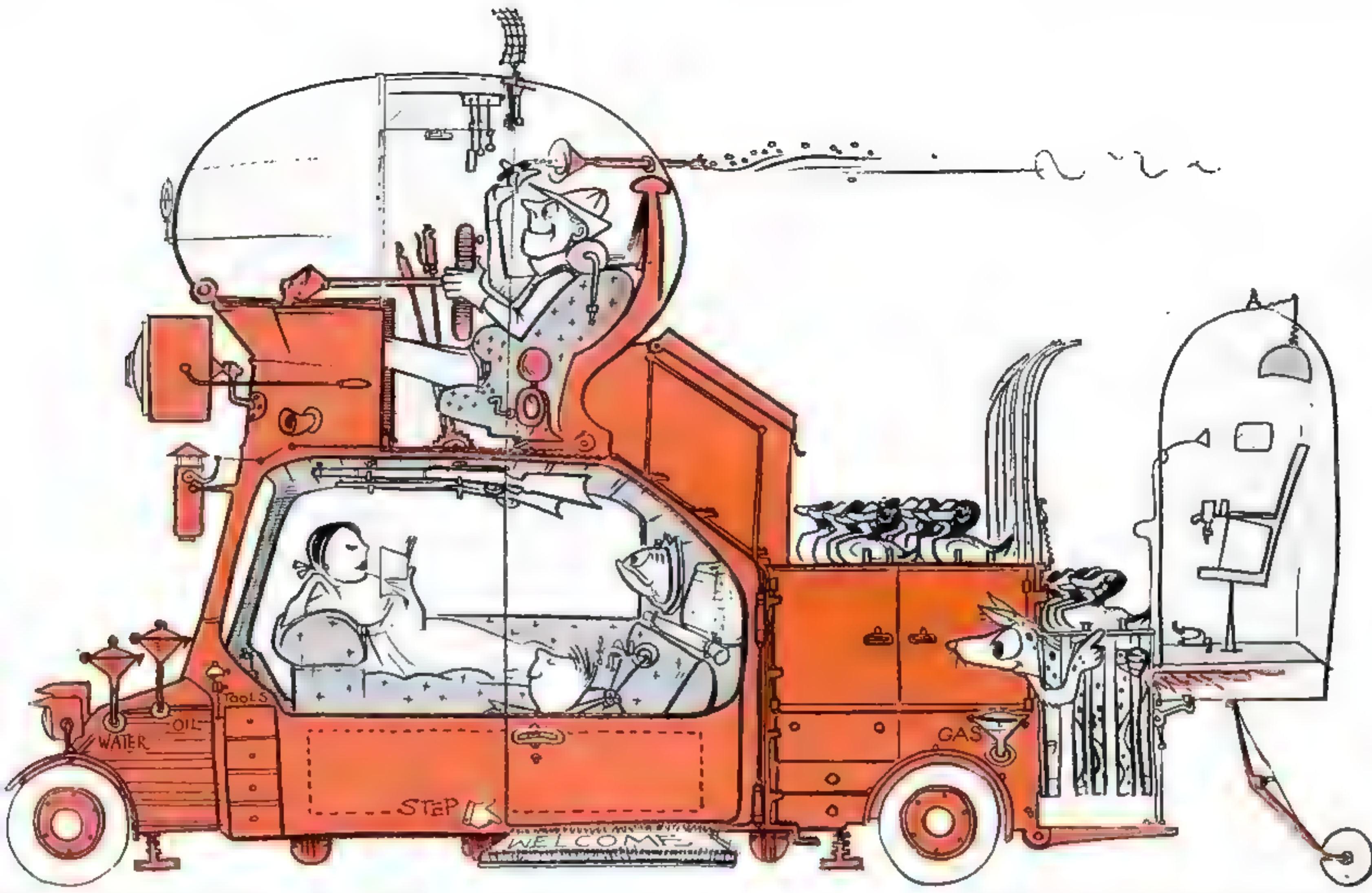


COCKPIT of Miss Eakin's car reveals a large mirror (for make-up, not rear view), a radio, drawers for stockings, stationery, cleansing tissues, cosmetics, etc., tray of pastry, overhead hair drier and a rhinestone steering wheel. The only controls are two foot pedals, one for Go, the other for Stop. Outside signals take care of other contingencies.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES... ...TWO ARTISTS SHOW WHAT THEY WANT IN "DREAM CARS"



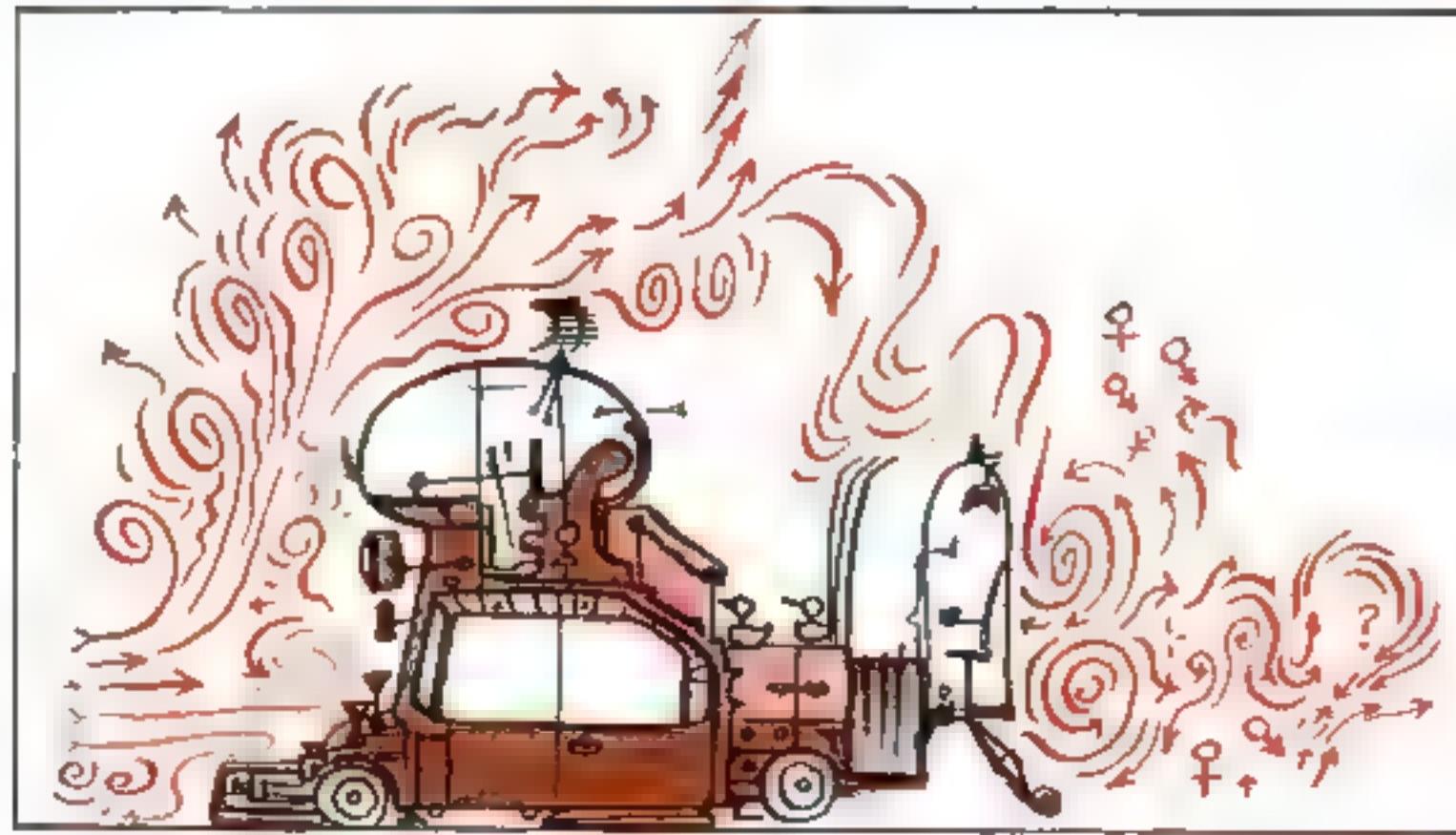
SHOPPING SCOOTER and trailer, an Eakin innovation, is for quick transportation around town when parking in shopping districts is impossible. Car is left near the outskirts of the congested area and the scooter and trailer (for groceries and children) are removed from their compartments (picture above) and driven easily from shop to shop.



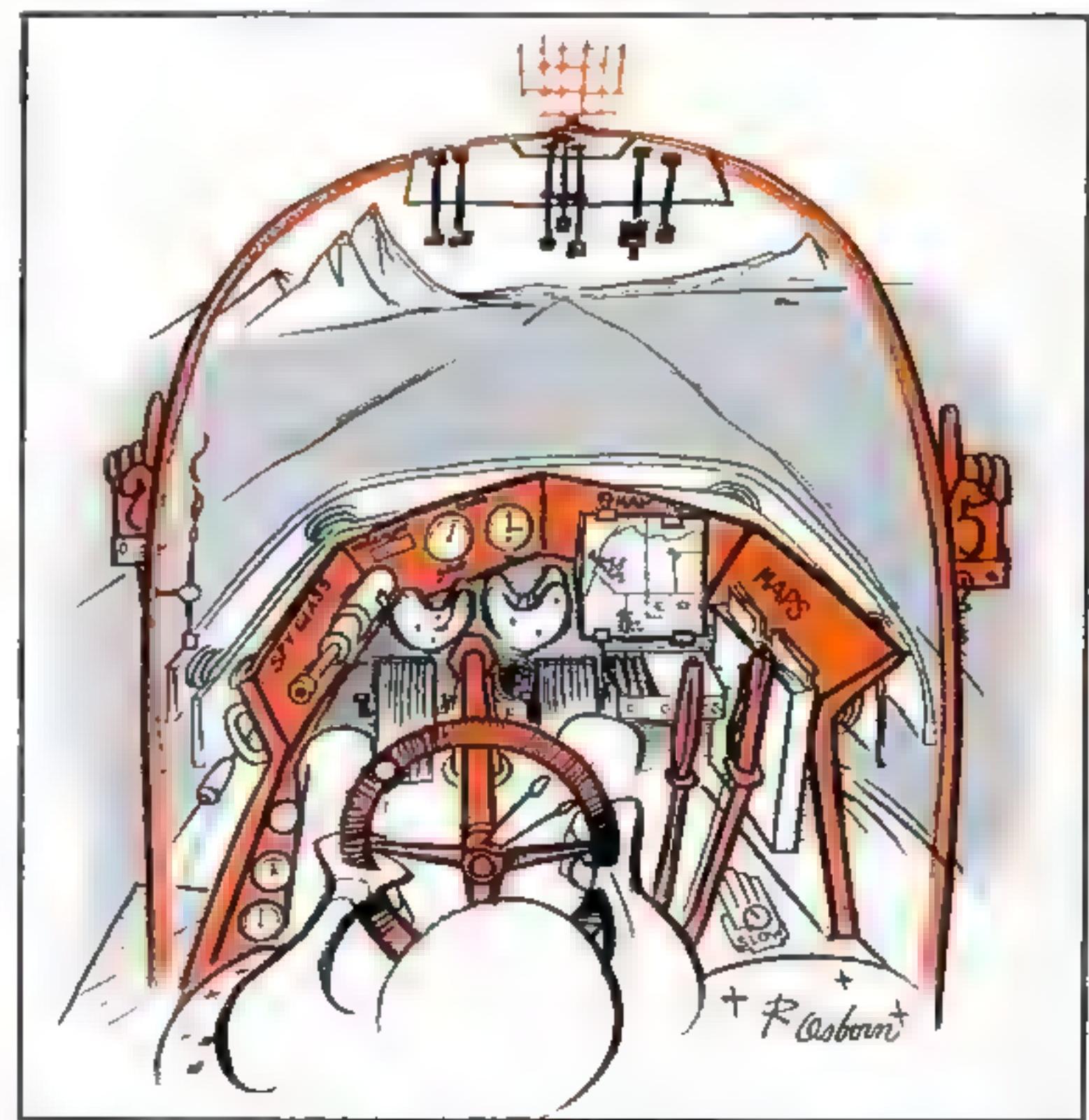
OSBORN DREAM CAR is a man's car. Says the artist, "You can really drive this confounded thing. You are in control." Unlike the Eakin car, it has an engine. This "can be got at easily, with a roller-top like an old desk. Oil and water can be put in without burning hands or spilling as spouts aren't ingeniously hidden away." His car not only has

steam whistle "for emergency," regular horn as "prime mover," but also the "more human and kindly bloop of rubber honker horn at driver's left elbow." Wife and child are in roomy cabin below, dog is behind big luggage bin (under decoy ducks and skis). "Objectionable passenger" booth at rear, equipped with "soft speaker," is detachable.

ACTING on the premise that a mobile and vocal American public should be the judge of what it wants in an automobile, LIFE recently commissioned two artists, Jane Eakin and Robert Osborn, both sensible, well-adjusted motorists, to draw their conceptions of the ideal car. Artists Eakin (*I Do All The Work Around Here*) and Osborn (*War Is No Damned Good*) came up with the elaborate but eminently reasonable cartoon sketches shown here. Speed, streamlining and chromium trim have been replaced by comfort, convenience and practicality. Here are roomy vehicles which can be entered easily, without loss of dignity. The sardine-can conception of design has been abandoned. The bodies are handsome but functional and well adapted to the pleasures and idiosyncrasies of the sexes. Although Detroit may detect a few bugs in these blueprints, many motorists will hope to find an Eakin or an Osborn in their futures.



SUGGESTED TITLE for airflow chart by Osborn is "This shows poor airflow and who cares?" He adds, "This car is more honest in design than modern small-engined jobs which are covered with slip covers of puffed-up metal like risen dough." Mudguards, "which only guard mud," are made of disposable plastic. Each wheel has its own jack.



OSBORN'S COCKPIT, of Plexiglas, contains map case, spyglass, optional radar equipment "to avoid brushes with cops," overhead controls, one of which detaches "objectionable passenger" booth. "Captain's walk" for reaching cockpit has only short rail. "If driver is so drunk he falls off platform it means he shouldn't be driving anyway."



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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



ARTIST ROBERT OSBORN attacks chromium grill on a 1947 Plymouth which he insists is only waste space. Common-sense Advocate Osborn served as a Navy officer, during war produced 2,000 posters and 25 books telling naval pilots how to avoid stupid mistakes. For this he received the Legion of Merit.



ARTIST JANE EAKIN also likes other forms of transportation, above tries riding pickaback on shoulders of rope-skipping Champion Gordon Hathaway. Miss Eakin has been at one time or another a saleslady, a college professor and stablehand, now teaches painting at Museum of Modern Art in New York.



Mother's little Angels

Aw, Mom, is it really cricket to cram a feather into his pajamas when it's down? But wait! Towhead is not only down, he's *out*...and we'll say our bottom dollar it was the lulling influence of those smooth smoother smoothest Pacific Sheets. What comfort!

Pacific Sheets are *balanced*, you know — to take all manner of

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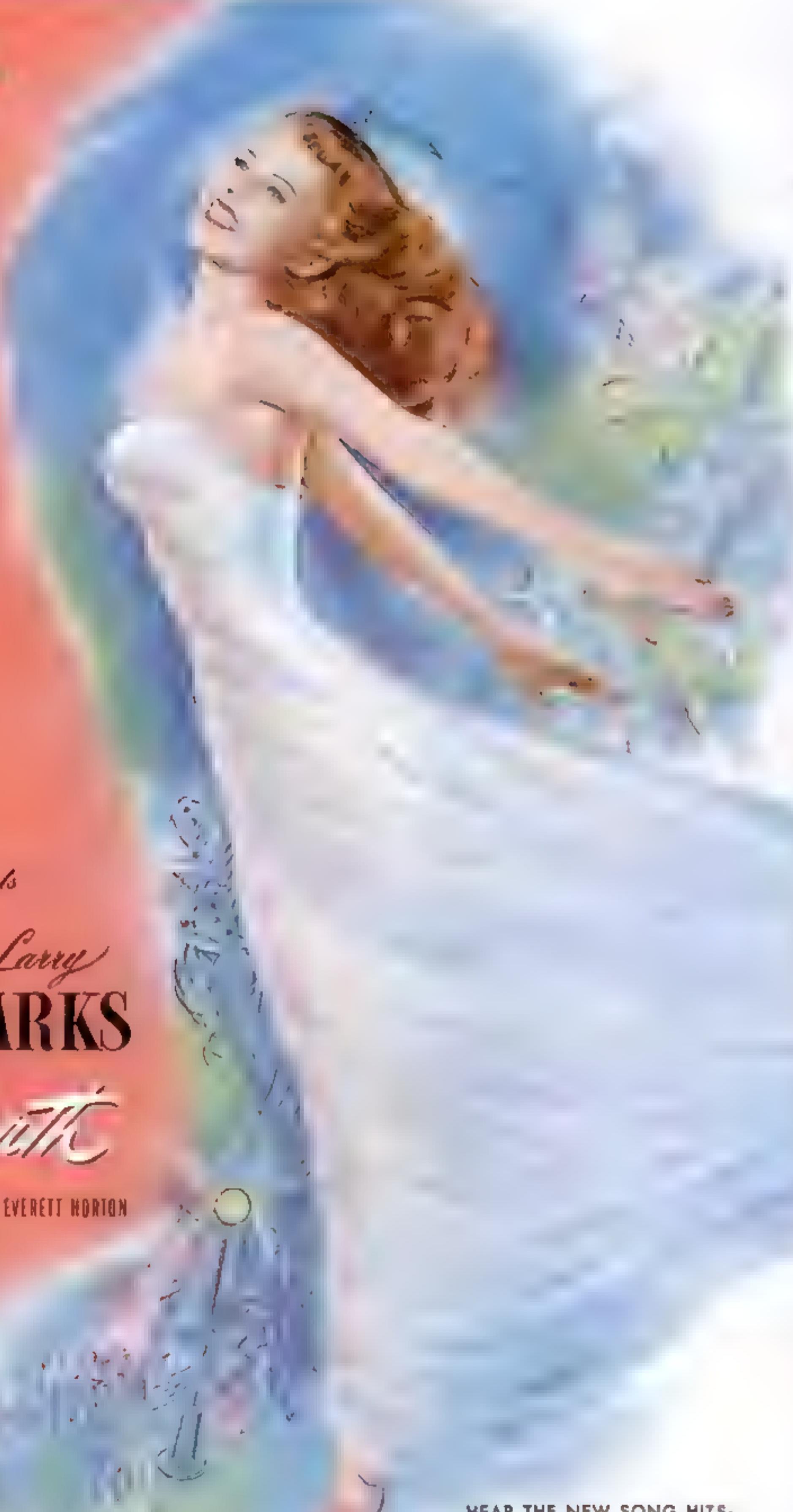
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Directed by ALEXANDER HALL
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HEAR THE NEW SONG HITS:

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"People Have More Fun Than Anyone"

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LIFE'S COVER

The painting on the cover is *Portrait of a Man in a Red Cap*, done by Titian, one of the great painters of Renaissance Venice (pp. 46-71). The demeanor and dress of the young man reveal the air of wealth and authority which characterized the city in the days of its glory. Titian, whose name was Tiziano Vecellio, was a prodigious painter who succeeded Giovanni Bellini (p. 46) as official artist of Venice, became court painter to two emperors of Spain, kept painting almost until he died in 1576 at the age of 99. (Painting reproduced courtesy *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*, Simon and Schuster.)

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86—ALBERT FERN	
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William Primrose, Violist: *Concerto in B Minor*—Handel. With the RCA Victor Orchestra, Frieder Weissmann, Conductor. Album M/DM-1131, \$3.85.

Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra: *Die Fledermaus Waltzes*—Johann Strauss, Jr. Transcription by Stokowski. 10-1310, 75¢.

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IN FIRST OUTDOOR APPEARANCE BUSHMAN, LINCOLN PARK ZOO'S 18-YEAR-OLD GORILLA, TURNS AWAY FROM CHICAGO AUDIENCE, SOLEMNLY SCRATCHES HIS HEAD

SUMMER PROBLEMS

Last week in Chicago thousands of Americans poured into Lincoln Park Zoo in the hope that they could forget their problems by looking at a 520-lb. ape named Bushman. This was a false hope because Bushman is in himself a problem. A sharp controversy has arisen as to whether he is or is not the most valuable animal in captivity.

In Washington there was no controversial ape, but Congress tied itself in knots over the simple problem of adjourning. In Hollywood party girls

wondered who would receive the next subpoena from the Senate committee investigating the case of Howard Hughes. In Newark, N.J. the War Assets Administration had its own dilemma: who wants 2 million false teeth? In Connecticut entomologists tried to identify two new beetles which had shown up among the crops. In New York the Board of Estimate wondered whether it should charge 5¢, 8¢, 10¢ or 2-for-15¢ for a subway ride. All over the U.S., although they had been assured

WHAT ABOUT RUSSIA AND HOWARD HUGHES, WOMEN'S COSMETICS AND "BLOOP BLEEP"?

officially that prosperity was at an all-time high, people worried about the Russians, the sale of cosmetics and the bloop-bleep of dripping faucets. Each problem was made worse by the heat and the knowledge that cool autumn is a long way off.

Back in Chicago, more thousands came to Lincoln Park to stare at Bushman. Ordinarily he returned their stare or played with a tire in his cage, but sometimes, when he scratched his head, his visitors wondered if he too had a problem.



ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT (center) and Faye Emerson (at his left) were introduced in 1943 by Jack Frye (left), Hughes partner. In 1944 they married while John Meyer (right), Hughes's public relations man, beamed approval.



SECRETARY J. A. KRUG, the center of the storm stirred up by Senate War Investigating Committee, had no



CARNIVAL ASPECT of the investigation was summed up in newspaper cartoon showing wistful U.S. taxpayer.



HOWARD HUGHES is seen with Ava Gardner, former girl friend. He is haggard from the effects of a plane crash.

KRUG'S WOE IS A TABLOID WOW

A highly embarrassing problem faced a number of men and women in and out of the government last week. The question was: what had the U.S. got for \$40 million given to Aviator Howard Hughes to build airplanes during the war? Hughes had contracted to build a 750-passenger flying boat, three photo-reconnaissance planes. But Chairman Owen Brewster of the Senate War Investigating Committee said that "not a cotter pin was delivered." There was also some question whether Hughes had used dubious means to get the contracts in the first place.

To Playboy Hughes, who has had many a physical narrow escape, the problem might prove embarrassing but not one to ruin him. But for Interior Secretary Julius Krug, listed on expense accounts as a guest (opposite page), it might be a more serious matter. And it could become an even more embarrassing problem as the 1948 campaign neared.

For the editors and readers of the tabloids, however, this scandal solved a summer reading problem. It was exactly tailored to specifications. Committee evidence indicated that before getting contracts Hughes spent \$60,000 throwing parties all the way from Hollywood's Mocambo to New York's Stork Club. The guests, reportedly including Krug, Elliott Roosevelt, generals and WPB officials, were entertained with hard liquor and soft music, old wines and young showgirls. The committee would want to know if all of this was eventually charged to taxpayers as part of Millionaire Hughes's plane-building expenses. The hammock trade, already teased with dozens of pictures of showgirl participants, could hardly wait for the July 28 Senate hearings to bring up the curtain on such promised stars as Lana Turner, Linda Darnell and Jesse Jones in another gigantic Howard Hughes production.



MISS AMERICA 1946, Marilyn Busford, 22, was listed with Interior Secretary Krug on Hughes's expense sheet.



DANCER Pamela Drake told reporters that Hughes's parties were "very nice, as moral as anything could be."



problems last year as he made a speech accepting Hyde Park President Roosevelt's home as national monument.

John W Meyer		
Accommodation		385.00
Sun Oct 13. 46		
Rothman Restaurant & Oyster Bay	(5)	
with tips	Waldorf	38-
- Mon Oct 14. 46	Brilliant Inn	
2 babies	tips from Philips 80" each	160-
Catering at 10. J.A. (incl.)		100-
(Tetra Tetra Windsor Hotel)		
Tues Oct 15. 46		
St Regis Inn - Mrs Powell (4)		14-
Dinner, Breakfast (Powell's)		42-
Catering (incl) 24	site	27-
Mr & Mrs W. C. Well Waldorf		381.00
Marilyn B. Ford (New Mexico)		
14. Brillo Hotel as 157.00		
Mr & Mrs Henry Lombardo		
L. Airport 12 N		
Mr & Mrs Tetra Windsor Hotel		
114		

EXPENSE ACCOUNT for evening seems to indicate it cost \$100 for Deiores Jatimo to entertain Secretary Krue-



ACTRESS Jean Staff was on the list of girls who were available to entertain government officials for Hughes.



THE WHAM GIRL, July Cook was employed at Lockheed factory as a riveter during the war but also helped



MODEL Martha Goldthwaite's fiance called off their engagement after he heard she attended a Hughes party.



ENTERTAINER Wendy Russell, also on the Hughes roster, first achieved recognition by posing in a hatbox.



NIGHT SESSION is held by Joint Committee on Appropriations to try to compose differences between the representatives and the senators on how much to cut the Army's budget for the year. The House committee wanted to allow the War Department only

\$5.5 billion for the Army's budget. But the senators held out for \$6.1 billion. Before adjournment at dawn on July 25, the joint committee compromised on \$5.9 billion, which satisfied both houses of Congress but was \$166 million less than the President had asked.



WEARY SENATOR Homer Capehart of Indiana dozes beneath a bust of Calvin Coolidge outside Senate Chamber during night session. Luckier senators slept on cots.



WAITING CHAUFFEURS of busy senators rest on a car's running board outside the Capitol. They stayed up all night, until the Senate finally adjourned at 6:12 a.m.



HOME AT DAWN, Senator McCarran (left) of Nevada leaves with an assistant. McCarran defeated proposed Kansas City election probe by talking for three hours.



FORMER SOVIET OFFICIAL Victor Kravchenko hid his face after testifying against Russians before House committee. Reason for secrecy: he had been kicked out of too many apartments because owners feared Reds would recognize him, blow up the place.



FORMER CONGRESSMAN Andrew May glumly turns away from camera in car outside Federal Court in Washington, D.C. On July 25 he was sentenced, with Henry and Murray Garson, to eight months in prison for conspiracy and bribery in war contracts.

CONGRESS AND U.N. DEBATE THE BIG ISSUES

Although the breathless question of who went to Howard Hughes's parties made the headlines of the week, more serious problems were being faced in a less spectacular fashion. In Washington the 80th Congress, first the Republicans have controlled in 16 years, finished its work with the help of an all-night session (*opposite*). It had passed a new labor

bill, provided \$400 million for Greece and Turkey and voted unification of the Armed Services which led to the appointment of James Forrestal as Secretary of National Defense. It had even fulfilled Ohio Republican Clarence J. Brown's promise to "open with a prayer and close with a probe." One of the most important considerations concerned

the question of what to do with Reds in the U.S.

At Lake Success (*below*) delegates of many nations faced the Red problem on a larger scale and with more directness than before. In debate over a permanent Balkan border commission the U.S. and Britain finally talked back to Russia in the same harsh language to which they have been listening.



U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL wrestles with the problem of forming a permanent commission to keep an eye on Balkan affairs. Russia's Andrei Gromyko (left), Britain's Valentine Lawford and Sir Alexander Cadogan (center) and Herschel Johnson (right) of

the U.S. here listen moodily to a speech after throwing verbal brickbats at each other. Said Johnson, "Greece is no menace to international peace. The northern countries, in our opinion, are." Replied Gromyko sharply, "I notice that you speak very candidly."

Summer Problems CONTINUED

THERE ARE PLENTY OF INDIVIDUAL HEADACHES, TOO



RADIO LISTENER'S PROBLEM is how to avoid a song entitled *Bloop Bleep*, published a month ago but already a national earache. It describes the rumpled-sheet agony of an insomniac kept awake by the bloop-bleeping noise of a leaky faucet. Author Frank

Loesser, shown illustrating the song, says it puts stream-of-consciousness experience into music. He wrote *Bloop Bleep* eight months ago but kept it off the market for seven. Eight months ago *Bloop Bleep* would have had to compete with *Open the Door, Richard*.

this way
TO THE BREAD LINE



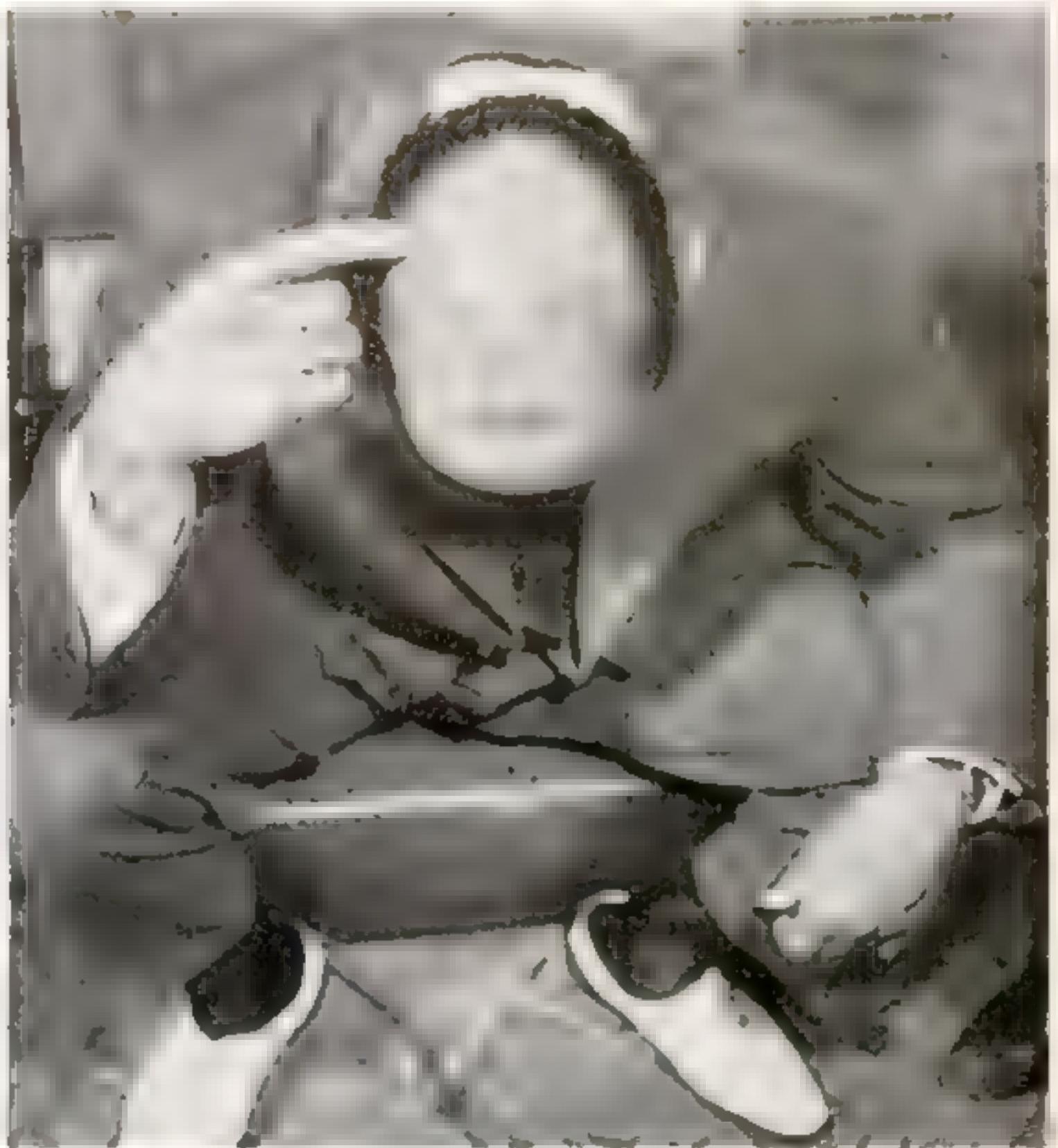
RADIO ARTISTS' PROBLEM is how to get fall contracts. On July 12 they trooped into a Hollywood "unemployed party." Comedian Garry Moore (third from left), who quit radio just a week ago for Jimmy Durante, ate at "bread line" with "agency people."



INNOCENT BYSTANDER'S PROBLEM is: what should one do when an irate animal charges? In Estherville, Iowa on July 16 Ralph Godsil, just passing by, was cornered by an enraged bison. Climbed up a railroad switch pole and stayed there until help came.



DRUGGISTS' PROBLEM is how to sell women's cosmetics with sales dropping. When survey showed most cosmetics dealers were men, a school was started in Denver to teach them how to sell. Here a facial is administered to a cigar-chomping, 64-year-old student.



BALD MEN'S PROBLEM is how to keep people from decorating their hairless pates with lipstick. John Keller, who was the host for the druggists' school (left), exhibits one example. This was the thanks he got for arranging accommodations for all the students.

THE PAGEANTS AND OUTINGS STILL PROVIDE ESCAPE



MORMONS put on a show even more pretentious than the historical pageants that dot the U.S. summer landscape. On July 22 they ended the re-enactment of their ancestors' trek from Nauvoo, Ill., to Salt Lake City. Here, 100 years ago last week, Brigham

Young said, "This is the place." This time the Mormons covered the 1,100-mile route in 7 days—103 less than their ancestors took, rode in automobiles draped with canvas. On the trip was the same number that followed Young: 14 men, 3 women, and 2 children.



NEW YORKERS, as they had every weekend, paid \$1.65, swarmed aboard the excursion boat *Americana*, plowed up the East River to escape the steamy concrete plateau of Manhattan Island where most of them live and work. They were bound for suburban

Rye, N.Y., where they splashed in the swimming pools and jammed the amusement park for a few hours. Then they trudged wearily back on board the *Americana*. By nightfall they were home in their cool like apartments, sweltering once again in the summer heat.

BUT ONE PROBLEM THAT REMAINED FOR MILLIONS OF AMERICANS
WAS SUGGESTED IN THE FACES OF THESE FOUR BROOKLYN FANS:
COULD THE DODGERS KEEP THEIR LEAD AND WIN THE PENNANT?



THE U.S. SOIL

IF WE WANT A PERMANENT, NOT A TEMPORARY, COUNTRY WE'D BETTER TAKE STEPS TO CHECK ITS EROSION

The tragedy of the unusually severe floods within the vast Mississippi Valley system is not understood by most of us. The truth is that whereas the soil of our continent visibly bleeds to death all year long down our dirty rivers, this summer it is suffering a major hemorrhage. The loss is literally incalculable.

To some extent the scope of the disaster is reflected on the Chicago grain exchange. The thousands of acres of rained-out and drowned-out cornland have put the price of corn up to a record \$2.43 a bushel and have helped push the already-harvested wheat above \$3. The response of the U.S. Senate has been to restore to the Department of Agriculture's appropriation \$200 million for soil conservation which the House had previously deducted. And President Truman finds the time ripe for recommending that \$400 million be immediately spent for more flood control, more soil conservation, more land reclamation.

But such reactions are dwarfed by the size of the true problem. That problem, as Russell Lord and many another soil conservationist see it, is whether we have a permanent or just a temporary country.

The Bad News, First Edition

When you are not worrying about the enlargement of the Russian political sphere, you might try worrying about the shrinkage of the American soil. The latter may be even more important. It is, at least, a concern which has been with us a lot longer. "He is the greatest patriot who stops the most gullies," said a man who knew something about patriotism, Patrick Henry.

A few soil facts may be in order for a nation which now touches soil largely only to play marbles, wipe windshields or dust floors. Through wasteful, ignorant and greedy soil practices, of our present two billion acres of agriculturally useful land, 60% is either ruined or seriously damaged. Despite the New Deal's Soil Conservation Service and the work of state agricultural agencies, we are still putting back into our land by chemicals only about a third of the fertility which wind, rain, heat and crops take from it each year.

Until some genius comes upon a synthetic nutrition pill, the food of the world will continue to be grown within a terrestrial skin of about a spade's depth. In the U.S. it took from 500 to 1,000 years of geologic process to form each inch of that topsoil. In terms of geological time, that soil can be and has been ravaged in a finger's snap. For instance in the great farm state of Missouri each inch can be, and in some areas has been, cropped off in as little as eight years. A torrential rainfall can undo the work of a thousand or more years in an afternoon.

The fact is that Americans, even though symbolically represented by a bearded rube, never knew how to farm very well anyhow. From the time of the first settlements they undertook to adapt the agricultural methods of northwest Europe, a land of notably gentle climate, to a terrain whipped by violent winds and precipitation. The soil of New England was denuded, ruined and abandoned relatively quickly, and there is a school of agronomists which now rec-

ommends that the whole area be returned to national forest as soon as possible. The Virginians also made their mistakes. In short, what we have been begging for since the 18th and 19th Centuries, when a westering man didn't think he was much of a farmer unless he had exhausted two or three farms in a wandering lifetime, we have now abundantly got. The swollen, dirty rivers testify to either sea.

The legitimate contemporary heirs to the spoilers of our soil may be singled out about as follows:

We point first to that great American agriculturist, the "suitcase farmer." He appeared originally in World War I, leased grazing land, put his machinery on it, broke up the sod, planted a crop of wheat, took it off, made a killing and went away. When the inevitable dry spell came along he endowed us with the dust bowl of the '30s. World hunger and world wheat prices being what they are, this carnivorous character is back again this year. Two million acres in the high plains are at present under the "suitcasers'" care. God help the Westerners in the next drought.

Then we find another wonderfully irresponsible American attitude toward the soil among those regional aristocrats, the Western stockmen. As Bernard DeVoto has pointed out, they overgraze their own land and the land they rent from the government. Overgrazing means that cattle and sheep are pastured too densely and therefore gnaw into the roots of the plants and grasses, baring them to the final destruction of wind and rain. There is a bill in Congress, abetted by Senator McCarran but balked by sounder heads, to sell the big stockmen these public lands for about 10¢ an acre. What a deal! The Western lumber people would like a similar arrangement. Fortunately the eastern lumbermen's lobby keeps their Western competitors in check.

And then there is the farmer of any type, wherever he may be, who hasn't yet learned about conservation. He is still too numerous. Maybe he shouldn't be a farmer at all. It's a business, and the first thing a businessman should learn is how to protect his plant—in the case of the farmer, the soil.

Better News

Two books have recently awakened quite a number of Americans to their ultimate dependence on their failing mother earth.

One is *Plowman's Folly* by Edward H. Faulkner. This is a plea for using the disk harrow to mulch in green manure (rye, weeds or anything else) to increase soil fertility and provide a blotter against erosion or leaching (fertility going out underground). Well and good for certain regions. Stover mulching, of course (disking corn stalks into the ground), has been practiced in Iowa for years.

Pay Dirt by J. I. Rodale is another treatise exciting to amateur soil-lovers. He suggests, and has personally carried out, a procedure for composting a whole farm. (Mr. Rodale hates chemical fertilizers and even suspects them of causing cancer.) It sounds wonderful. The catch is that it takes a lot of expensive labor to make and turn those compost heaps.

Meantime the American businessman-farmer

has more on his mind than reading books. To him the nation looks not only for its livelihood, but also for the retention of the usefulness of its soils. In Britain a farmer can be put off his land by a county committee if he uses the land improperly. This procedure, one hopes, will never be true in the U.S. But a good American farmer can be put off his land by the irresponsibility of a neighbor miles away, come a freshet or a windstorm.

With their characteristic common sense, the best American farmers have banded into no fewer than 1,800 soil conservation districts encouraged by the Department of Agriculture's most useful (and just about most inexpensive) service. These farmers have learned the best of soil practices, such as green-manuring, contour-ploughing, strip-cropping, terracing and, above all, ecology, the science of growing the most suitable crops and raising the most suitable animals within a particular region.

This kind of national farm aid does not mean big government handouts for or domination of our nation's farms. It does, however, look forward to government expenditures toward the control of great watersheds like the Tennessee and the Missouri Valleys. The needs of the latter may not add up to an MVA, but lack of congressional action is muddying the great central valley of our continent all day and all night long.

Opportunities for Investment

Barring hell and high water from some place else, the real farmers can take care of themselves and the damage that nature does to their land. Chester C. Davis, one of the best friends the U.S. soil ever had, now heads the Eighth Federal Reserve Bank district. He has made a large part of that job organizing meetings all over his central valley territory, in which local bankers are encouraged to lend money to local farmers to improve their farms. And "speaking as a banker," he has just said, "We have not found a single instance in which the investments made for soil conservation, soil building and other farm improvement practices were not highly profitable."

The good husbandman rates all the public and private help he needs, and it has been shown that the better husbandman he is the less public help he needs. Meantime those of us who are not on or of the soil had better give him a great big hand. And remember, if we can, that never-disproved observation, "All men are grass" (Isaiah 40:6).

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

On the last leg of his five-week "vacation" trip through the West, Governor Thomas E. Dewey finally took a six-hour vacation. Pulling on some old pants and a nondescript shirt, he boarded a cabin cruiser and rode out onto Lake Yellowstone in Wyoming's Yellowstone National Park for a fishing trip. As usual he posed stiffly for some pictures, holding a fishing rod. But suddenly he got a strike. With a trout thrashing on his line Dewey forgot the photographers for a rare moment. Nimbly shifting his rod to his left hand and slipping a net over the side to land his prize, he provided the first really informal picture of his political life.

TAKING A HOLIDAY FROM GOVERNMENTAL PROBLEMS
CONRAD LANDS A TROUT ON LAKE YELLOWSTONE





FRENCHMEN HAVE A PLEASANT DUEL

Journalist and politician satisfy their honor with glancing blows

THE PRINCIPALS in the duel walk to chosen spot with seconds. Journalist Toulza is at extreme left, Politician

Ducos at extreme right. In center, next to the man with the pistol is Referee Picot de Pledran, the director of combat



THE DUEL itself is over quickly. In the top picture Combat Director de Pledran claps his hands in the signal to fire as M. Ducos takes careful aim. In the center picture Toulza

(right) has just fired. In the bottom picture M. Ducos (right) drops shooting arm as he realizes that M. Toulza's dueling pistol has caromed an 11-mm. ball off his right shin.

In a public-opinion poll last spring 10% of the French people voted for dueling as the best way to settle a personal quarrel. To Americans raised in the fierce tradition of the chevalier d'Artagnan and Hollywood's Douglas Fairbanks Sr., this sounded pretty bloodthirsty. Actually a Saturday-night brawl in a U.S. barroom is more dangerous than a modern French affair of honor.

Although dueling was outlawed in France before World War I, the French already were well on the way to civilizing the practice. How brilliantly they have succeeded is shown in the photographs on these pages of a pistol duel near Paris on July 12 between bearded Hippolyte Ducos, a onetime cab-

inet minister, and a newspaper editor named Pierre Toulza

Politician Ducos had slapped Journalist Toulza for a nasty piece the latter had written in his newspaper. M. Toulza challenged and the duel was arranged strictly according to ritual. It worked out almost perfectly, because M. Ducos got hit but nobody got hurt badly and everybody's honor was satisfied. The credit for this happy result belongs jointly to the pistols and the solicitous seconds. Dueling pistols seldom shoot straight. But just to be sure, in this case the seconds were careful to put hardly any powder in them so that even when a bullet did somehow find its mark, it bounced off harmlessly.



THE LOSER, M. Ducos, pulls up one pant leg to have his "wound" bandaged by aides. Bullet barely broke skin.



THE HAPPY ENDING to the duel comes when Winner Toulza stoops to shake hands with Loser Ducos and the enemies are "reconciled" in accordance with the code duello.

The field of honor was about 25 miles outside of Paris. The only really bad moment in Journalist Toulza's day was when his automobile got a flat tire on the way back to town.



ON A LONG TABLE COVERED WITH A WHITE CLOTH, THE BODIES OF THE DROWNED CHILDREN ARE LAID SIDE BY SIDE, THEIR HANDS CLASPING WHITE FLOWERS

END OF HOLIDAY

**44 Italian children are drowned
when boat hits Nazi shore defense**

During the war thousands of Italians bravely resisted the alliance with Hitler and the subsequent German occupation. On July 16 the defeated Nazis inflicted a ghostly vengeance, not on the Italians directly but upon their children.

Out from the little Riviera town of Loano a heavy-laden launch chugged. Aboard it were 82 singing children, aged 10 to 12, and a few supervisors and crewmen. The launch was operated by

an organization that aids Partisan families who resisted the Nazis. The holiday party was bound for the island of Gallinara, only six miles away.

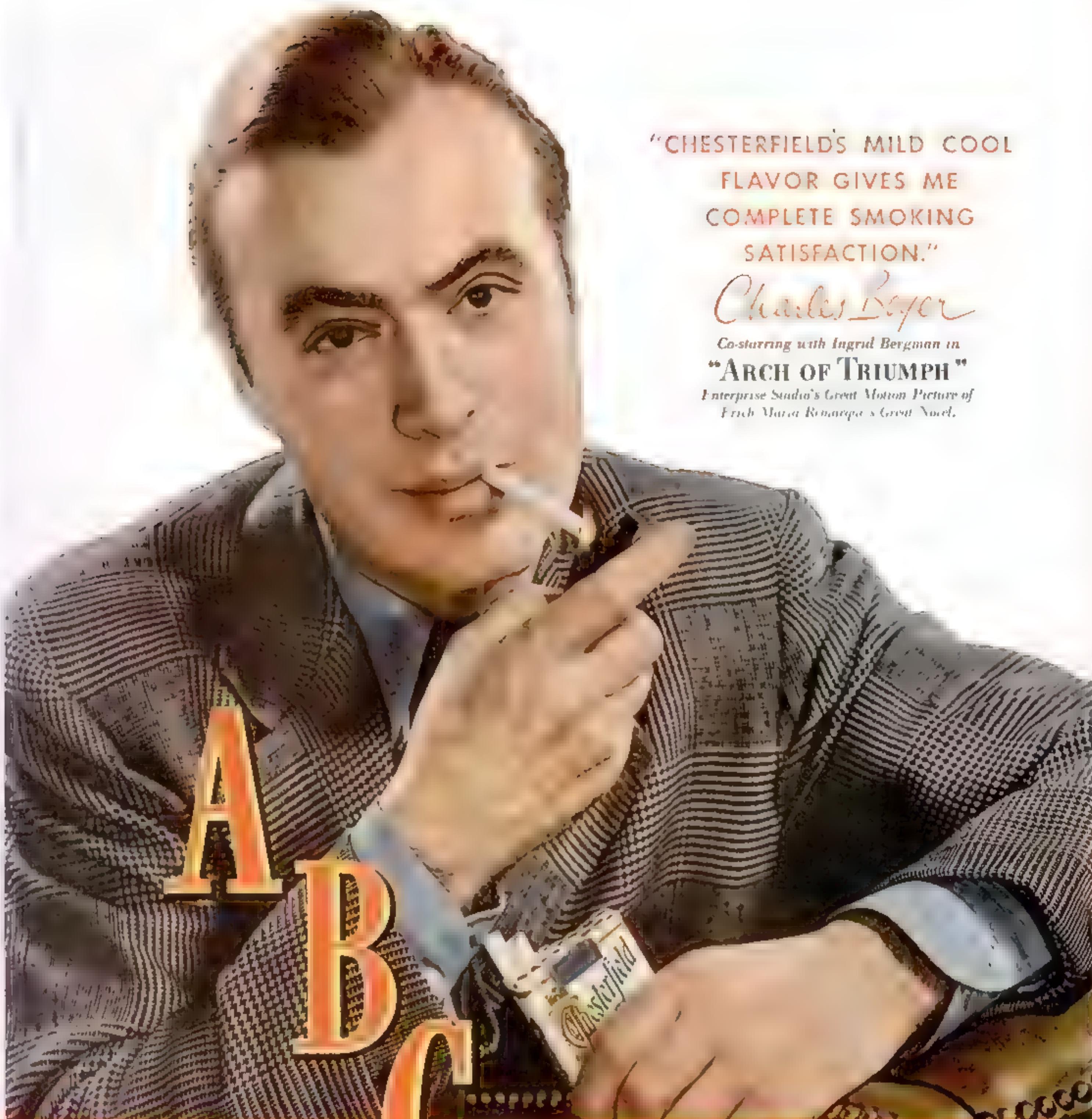
Suddenly the laboring launch grated against something, then reared and capsized. A few terrible hours later the bodies of 44 drowned children were gently laid on tables at White Cross aid station (above). Their prime launch had been ripped apart by a submerged Nazi anti-submarine mine.



WHERE THE LAUNCH SANK water was so shallow that the mast and pennant stuck up as a tragic marker. Of the 38 children rescued, many were in critical condition.



FUNERAL PROCESSION for the victims winds through huge crowd in front of famed Milan cathedral. Three women supervisors also were drowned, making toll 47.



"CHESTERFIELD'S MILD COOL
FLAVOR GIVES ME
COMPLETE SMOKING
SATISFACTION."

Charles Boyer

Co-starring with Ingrid Bergman in
"ARCH OF TRIUMPH"
Enterprise Studio's Great Motion Picture of
Friedrich Maria Romancza's Great Novel.

A / B / C CHESTERFIELD

A
B
C

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Smooth & Mild
Smooth & Mild

Smooth & Mild
Smooth & Mild
Smooth & Mild



How to make two wishes come true

THE FIRST wish—the world with a fence around it—is easy. Here it is. The second wish—a cocktail as gloriously flavorful as a Four Roses Old Fashioned—is next to impossible to make come true...unless you make your cocktail with *Four Roses*.

For, only by endowing your Old Fashioned with the distinctively mellow and

delightfully *different* flavor of Four Roses can you achieve the perfection which places this cocktail in a niche above all other Old Fashioneds!

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof, 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits.

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FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST
FAMOUS BOUQUET



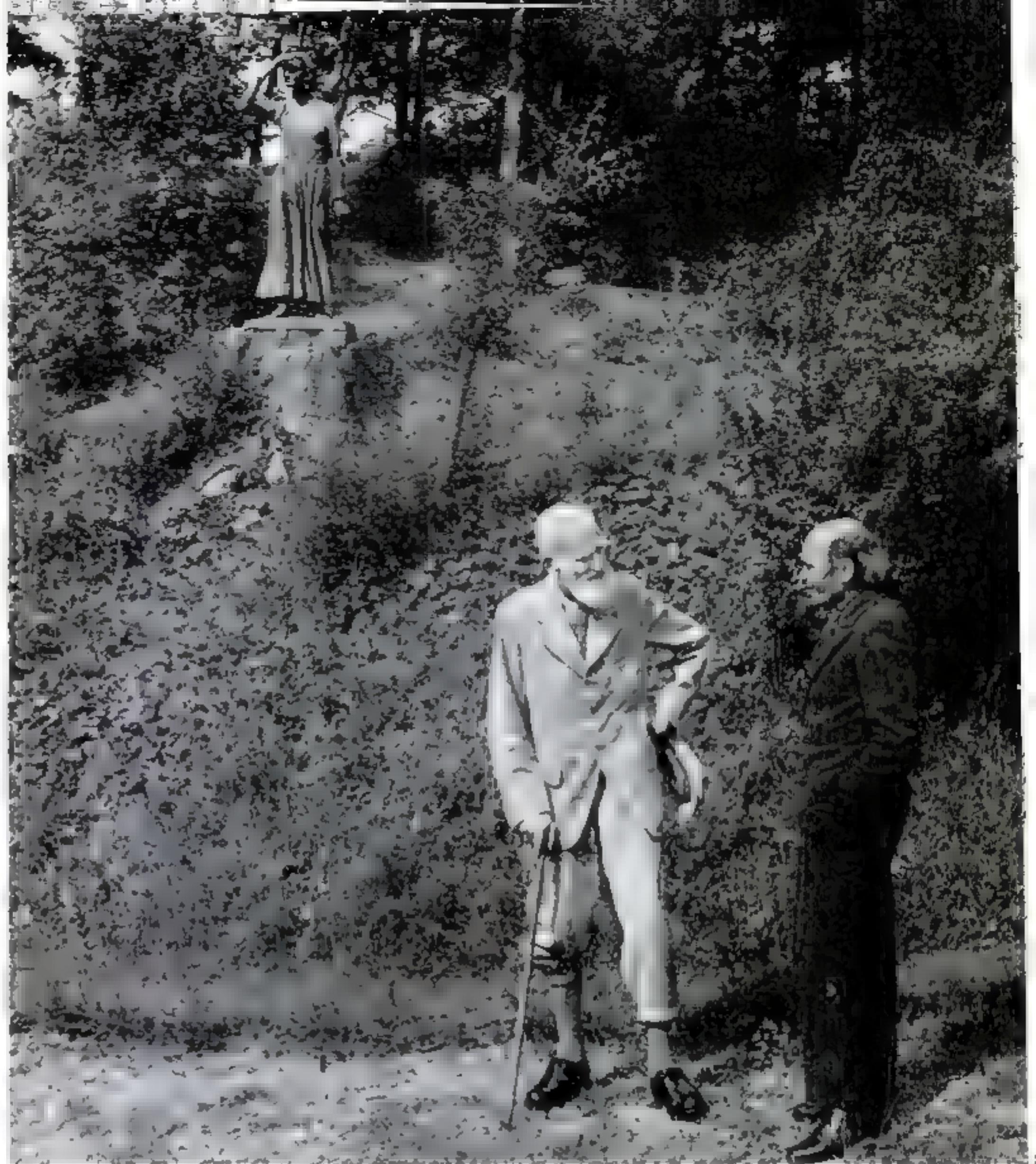
PEOPLE



RITA HAYWORTH visited a Prague movie set, met Russian Actor Boris Andrejev. Said she, "Hello." Said he, "What to do next?"



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN told New York press English banks honor overdrafts. Here she had overdrawn \$185, had been arrested.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW refused to celebrate his 91st birthday, said, "Rubbish. I've hardly recovered from my last birthday." He

did pose before birthday gift, statue of Saint Joan, with S. Winsten, husband of sculptor, with a trouser leg drooping unregenerately.



FRANK MORGAN, screen comic and bitters tycoon, skippered his schooner *Dolphin II* in race from Los Angeles to Honolulu. While a

gale made other boats trim sail, Morgan's 71-foot yacht rolled ahead, won. At a party given by Edward Pauley, Morgan did a happy hula.



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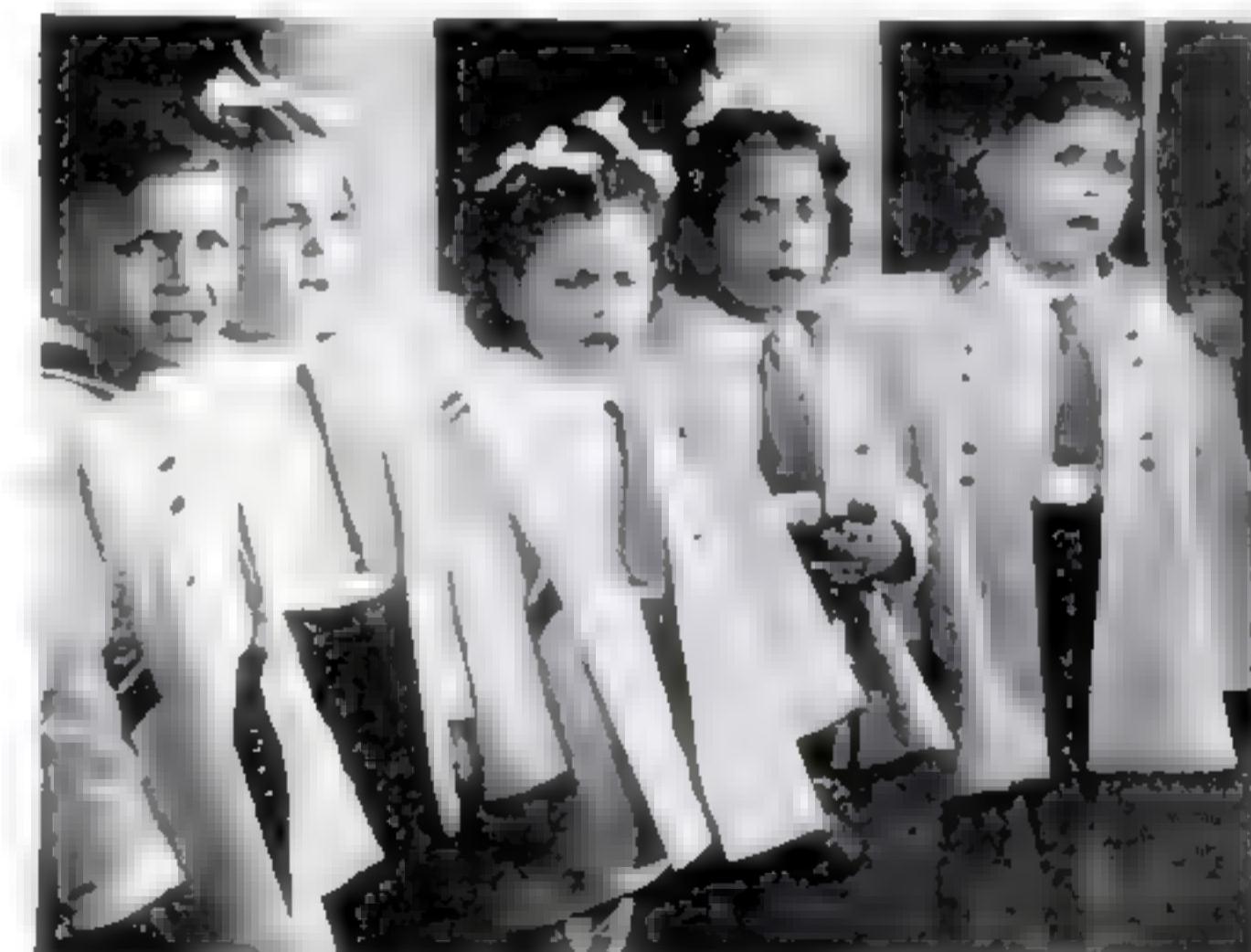
*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.



SHY SCION Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow, 11, steps out for summer swim on the French Riviera and has a rare picture taken with his famous mother. She is Woolworth Millionheiress Barbara Hutton Mdivani Haugwitz-Reventlow Grant Troubetzkoy.



PUZZLED PRINCE Akihito, 13, ponders spelling of the word "chalk" in a spelling bee. Heir to the Japanese throne, he is tutored by U.S. Teacher Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Vining (right) at the Peers' School near Tokyo. In bee he was member of Red team.



UNHAPPY QUINTS, the Diligentis of Buenos Aires, turned 4 on July 15, dutifully ran through *Happy Birthday* for the benefit of a cameraman. But instead of happiness they registered (left to right): fear, insouciance, effort, weariness, diligence.

Are you really
sure of
your present
deodorant?
Test it against
New Perfect
Fresh

See if New
Perfect Fresh
isn't the most
effective
cream deodorant
you have
ever been able
to buy

Never before in History!

But now Fresh brings you a new fluffier,
creamier deodorant . . . to give you carefree
underarm protection even on hottest days.

Only Fresh can give you this patented
combination of amazing ingredients in a new
deodorant that has never been made before.

New Fresh is the most effective cream deodorant
you have ever tried . . . we think you'll agree! Yet
your dresses are perfectly safe from rotting . . .
normal skin is perfectly safe from irritation.

New Fresh is delicately perfumed, and delightful
to smooth on. You'll find no gritty crystals or
annoying hard particles and it doesn't dry out in the jar.

But don't take our word for it—test it. Test New
Perfect Fresh today against your present deodorant—
see if it isn't the most effective—the most pleasant
cream deodorant you have ever been able to buy. Get
your jar of New Perfect Fresh now—for carefree
underarm protection even on hottest days. Available
at all drug and toilet goods counters.



Be lovelier to love with new perfect Fresh

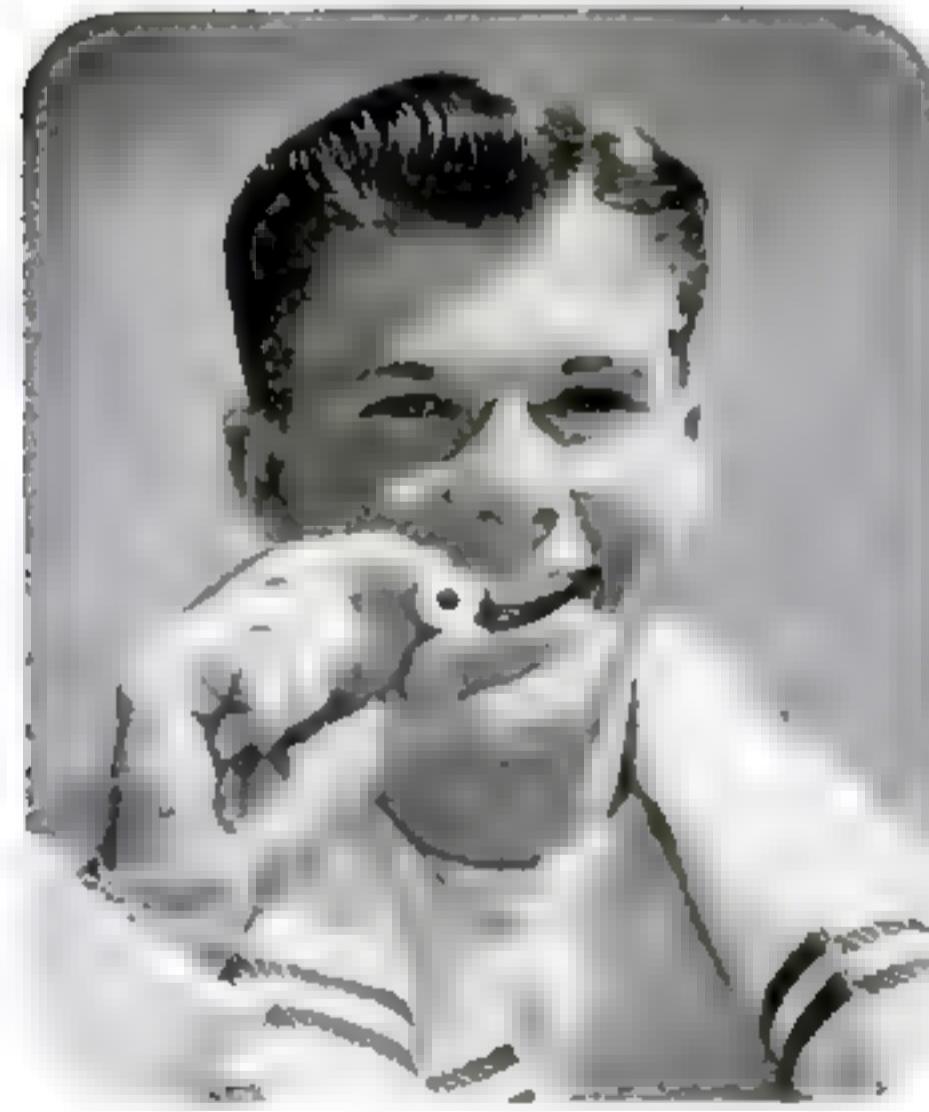
New Perfect Fresh comes to you at the same low pre-war prices...10¢, 25¢, 43¢, and new 59¢ economy size.



If she ducks
your kisses
like this ...



And you wish
things were
ducky like this ...



TRY THIS



MORAL: Freshen up for closeups! Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking. Always good taste!



BACK ON BROADWAY after a 12-year absence, Actor Jimmy Stewart took a summer job substituting for Frank Fay in *Harvey*. The play's real star, an invisible rabbit, took no vacation, even grew 4 inches to accommodate his new 6-ft. 3-in. friend.



BACK IN EUROPE for the first time since the war, Writer Thomas Mann (left) appeared at a party given him in Switzerland by the American consul general. But Mann, who fled from the Nazis in 1933, still refused to visit his native Germany.

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Leonardo Loredano, Doge of Venice

The power and elegance of Venice was personified in the doge, elected as head of the government by aristocratic merchants. One of the wisest doges was Leonardo Loredano, whose portrait was painted about 1501 by Giovanni Bellini.

The Glory of VENICE

Its rich trade and the turmoil of the Renaissance gave unparalleled splendor to the city's life and art

THIS IS THE FOURTH IN LIFE'S SERIES
ON THE HISTORY OF WESTERN CULTURE

ONE day during the Renaissance—that cultural convulsion by which the modern world was born from the Middle Ages—the rulers of Venice met to debate an offer of murder. For a consideration the Archbishop of Trebizond had volunteered to poison Marsilio da Carrara, the ruler of Padua. The minutes of the meeting survive. For the Republic of Venice, the first modern state and the most stable and efficient government in Europe between the fall of Rome and the rise of Britain, left the most massive and detailed secret files in history.

"Inasmuch," say the official minutes, "as the said archbishop offers to poison Marsilio da Carrara by means of Francesco Pierlamberti of Lucca, and wishes to travel in person with the said Francesco that he may assure himself of the actual execution of the deed; but for this purpose he requires a poison, which he charges himself to have made by a capable poison master if the money be supplied him. . . . Be it resolved, that for making the poison, for necessary expenses, and for buying a horse for the said archbishop—for his own is dead—the sum of 50 ducats out of our treasury be given to the archbishop and his companion, Francesco Pierlamberti. Ayes 10; noes 5; doubtful 1."

Twentieth Century readers to whom the weapons of Renaissance politics are unfamiliar may be shocked to learn that for more than 500 years Venice employed an official poisoner; that at various times Venice attempted to poison the Holy Roman Emperor, the King of Hungary, two despots of Milan, the Sultan of Turkey, Charles VIII of France, Pope Pius IV and the Czar of Russia. They may be further surprised to know that Venice invented bacterial warfare. In 1649 she sent a physician with a flask containing buboes to spread bubonic plague among the Turkish army in Crete. "*Venenosissima ac resurgens vipera*," a French ambassador once called her, "a very venomous and indestructible viper."

In part this passion for poison as an instrument of policy was a custom of the times (insanity from poisoning was so common that the Renaissance had a name for it—*erberia*). In part it was due to the republic's peculiar position—a cluster of sea islands at the head of the Adriatic, through the ages threatened by Franks, Lombards, the Papacy, Milan, Genoa (Venice's great naval rival), France, Spain, Hun-

gary, the Byzantine empire and the furious lunges of the Ottoman Turks. In part it was a heritage of that gorgeous East for whose commerce and culture Venice, during the centuries of her greatness, was the golden gate to Europe.

For Venice was almost as much an Eastern as a Western city. The aura of Asia was over her as the fragrance of spice is said to envelop the Spice Islands, spreading far out to sea. It gleamed in the brilliant tessellation of her piazzas and the Byzantine mosaics of her church walls. It glowed in gold, jewels and marble from that cathedral—St. Mark's, ornate like a Byzantine crown—in which the unmatale styles of Gothic and Byzantine meet, and, as in a baffling marriage, blend.

Eastern violence and despotism were implicit in her government, a closed oligarchy of patrician merchants run by the Council of Ten, whose motto was "*Secretezza et Iterum Secretezza*" ("Secrecy, and Then More Secrecy"). The council's life-and-death decisions were usually without appeal and beyond review. Its nocturnal police were the sinister *Signori di Notte* (Lords of the Night). Its agents, the dread *Sbirri*, commonly made arrests by musling their victims' heads in

their cloaks before whisking them into prison. The Orient was incarnate, too, in the doges, the dukes of the Venetian Republic, whose dignity was imperial but who more and more tended to be resplendent figureheads and presiding ornaments of the state's sumptuous pageantry.

In the 15th and 16th Centuries the long latent esthetic genius of Venice ignited from the Italian Renaissance an Oriental sunburst of color and an Oriental voluptuousness, fleshly and fluent. These combined with a vigor born of seafaring and a sense of space and tumultuous motion born of wind and waves. This whirled Venetian painting to heights rarely attained in the history of art.

The sumptuousness of the forms which was so much a part of the glory of Venice had flowered from 12 mud banks. Venice was born in the agonies of Rome's death. (It died, 14 centuries later, the oldest state on earth, in the birth pangs of modern Europe at the hands of the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte.) Her founders were displaced persons, Roman fugitives from the Huns. About 450 they fled,

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
*On the Extinction of the
Venetian Republic (1802)*

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 65
PICTURES ON NEXT 15 PAGES



The Travels of Marco Polo

It was, appropriately, a Venetian who, more than any other man, opened new horizons of travel and trade to Europe. Marco Polo, son of an adventuring merchant of Venice, set out in 1271 on a trip which took him farther into the East than any European had ever gone—across Asia to the fabled court of the Khan in Peiping. He spent 17 years in the East, serving for a while as a city governor and as escort for a royal bride. After he returned to Italy he dictated the story of his travels in *The Description of the World*, a book whose tales of the wonders of the East goaded Western men into great voyages of discovery. Three pictures at right, taken from a 15th Century manuscript, show (left) Marco Polo setting out with his father and uncle; (center) his father and uncle at the court of Kublai Khan; and (right) a display of the Khan's power as seen by Marco.





Venice in 1500

Venice is shown here in a 16th Century map. Through the city, like the letter "S" written backward, twists the Grand Canal, the city's main street. Midway along it is the famous Rialto Bridge, where goldsmiths and jewelers displayed their wares. Near the center of the map, directly behind the sea-god Neptune astride a dolphin, is the Doge's Palace and the Piazza of St. Mark (pp. 54-55). At the right is the rectangular water basin of the Arsenal, ship-building center for the Venetian fleet, which rides at anchor in the map's foreground. Near the top of the map is the little island of Murano, where Venetian glass blowers developed their art and continue it today. In the background is the mainland and the distant Alps. The figures around the map represent the winds which were familiar and important to everyone in this seagoing city.





SENATE CHAMBER of the Doge's Palace is an example of the rich ornamentation which Venetians lavished on public buildings. Above the doge's throne on far wall is *Descent from the Cross* by Tintoretto, who also did the

painting on the opposite page. The senate developed from doge's custom of asking prominent citizens to advise him in an emergency. Senators held office for a year, helped control foreign policy, navigation and commerce.

Opulence

The love of fine things produced
beautiful glass and sumptuous art



GLASS GOBLET, with enamel, was done about 1475. It is now in the Metropolitan Museum.

The Venetian love of opulence was so great that from time to time the city's rulers tried to curb extravagances by law. They restricted the number of garlands permitted on a house at feast days, the number of pearls permitted on a lady's dress, the size of dinners at which oysters could be served. But the laws were ineffectual, for the whole city celebrated its wealth and joy in living. Architects created resplendent palaces which were inlaid with pink and yellow marble and which doubled their glory in the reflections of the Grand Canal. The glass blowers of Venice fashioned candelabra and vases that astonished the world by their airy grace. By 1550 Venice had become Europe's book-publishing center through Aldus Manutius, whose Aldine editions of the classics were the first good, inexpensive books printed on a large scale. The Aldine Press was one of the most important of the forces which, during the Renaissance, spread learning through Europe.

But the grandeur of Venice showed most sumptuously in the paintings which embellished its buildings. The work of the greatest Venetian painters is shown on the following pages: Tintoretto, who painted with melodramatic violence; Titian, who painted with splendor and dignity; Giorgione, who brought sweetness and rich grace to his work; Veronese, whose canvases are ripe and fleshly and luscious; the Bellinis, who caught the strength of the city's rulers (p. 46) and the magnificence of its pageantry (pp. 54-55); Carpaccio, who reported with art and accuracy the city's colorful life.

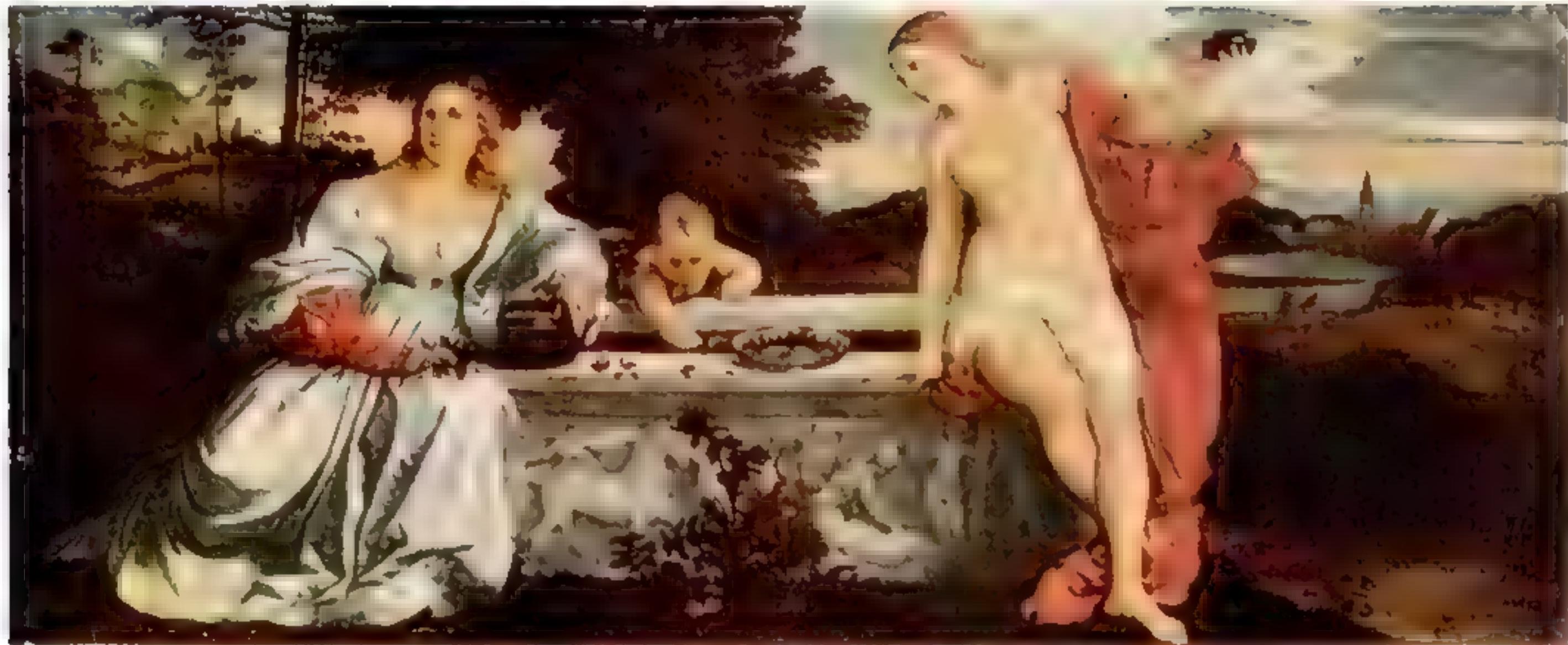


VENETIAN PITCHER of clear glass is elaborately decorated with twisted swirls of blue.



Abduction of Body of St. Mark

This magnificent Tintoretto depicts a favorite Venetian legend; the story of three Venetians who stole St. Mark's body from Alexandria in a storm.威尼斯人 believed Mark had once landed in Venice, made him the city's patron saint.



Sacred and Profane Love

This Titian painting was done around 1515. The title, which became attached to it later, refers to a theme that fascinated Renaissance minds: the conflict between earthly, sensual love (dressed figure) and pure, celestial love (the nude).



Pastoral Symphony

Giorgione, one of the first Venetians to perfect landscape art, painted, around 1510, this bucolic scene which reflects the longing of the sea-girt Venetians for green inland hills. The seated men are a courtier with his lute and a peasant.



Mars and Venus

In this full-blown Venetian version of Mars and Venus, coyly being tied together by Cupid with a pink ribbon, Painter Veronese catered to Renaissance love of classical figures and scenes of pure sensual beauty which taught no moral.



Pageantry

The high occasions were celebrated before the great church of St. Mark

Venice was a perfect setting for pageantry. Its Piazza of St. Mark (*above*) was like a stage whose church and palaces formed a spectacular backdrop for the almost daily parades of priests and merchant princes, nobles and festive ladies. The pageant pictured here, called *The Corpus Christi Procession*, was painted in 1496 by Gentile Bellini, half brother of Giovanni Bellini, whose portrait of the doge appears at the opening of this story.

The square, whose looks have changed little in the four centuries since this procession took place, was dominated by the many-domed church of St. Mark which, like Venice itself, was an oddly harmonious mixture of Western and Byzantine influences. While St. Mark's was being built, merchants vied with one another to bring back from their voyages treasures to adorn the new edifice. Marble was shipped from Constantinople, columns from Egypt, capitals from Greece, porphyry knights from Acre. The four horses over the central arch were cast in bronze in the time of Nero.



Both the inside and outside of the church were embellished with mosaics which told stories from the Bible and glittered like sunlight on water.

Next to the church, at right, is a corner of the doge's palace, its walls set in a diamond-shaped pattern of marble. Next to the palace is the base of the great campanile, or bell tower. At the far left is the library, its roof a clutter of chimney pots.

The procession itself, painted for the local School of St. John the Evangelist, was the most solemn religious festival in Venice. The school possessed a relic of the Holy Cross that had repeatedly worked miracles, so this relic was paraded inside its gold reliquary (center) once every year. Leading the procession was a band of singers, followed by candle-bearers and other church officers. The doge and his honored guests watched from the palace and library. Directly behind the last canopy bearers knelt a citizen from Brescia, named Jacopo di Salis. Jacopo was praying for his

crippled son, not shown here, who presumably was being healed by the power of the relic.

In the center of the piazza people strolled about casually, for they were quite accustomed to goings-on at St. Mark's. Venetians came down to the square to hear about new ships and traders, to gape at the processions of merchants and their retinues. The city also had about 200 fete days, celebrated by trade guilds and religious institutions, each of which honored its patron saint with a parade. Furthermore, noble visitors to Venice were always greeted with a public festival. To add even more splendor to the city's fetes and pageants a club of 4,000 noble men and women was formed. It was called the Calza (Stocking) and its members wore bright-colored hosiery and emblems embroidered with seed pearls. The Calza was divided into smaller units flamboyantly named The Immortals, The Perpetuals, The Gardeners, The Orchard Lovers, The Courtiers, The Inflammables.



Travel

**From the crossroads of the world
Venice sent out traders and envoys**

Among his many works the great Venetian, Vittore Carpaccio, painted few that were literal scenes of Venice. But whatever he painted, however fanciful the subject, he almost always painted Venice. The citizens, travelers, envoys, sailors, ships and seacoasts were those he saw in his city. In *The Farewell of Conon and Ursula* (above) he shows a bustling seaport with a flotilla of Venetian ships, one keeled over and being repaired by black galley slaves. The two figures in center are members of the Calza, mentioned on previous page. *Ambassadors at the Court of King Mauro* (right) is in everything but name a Venetian scene, full of details from ships in the background to portraits of the famed Loredano family (*under arches*).

The interest in ambassadors was thoroughly Venetian since Venice, set at the world's crossroads and dependent above all else on foreign trade and shipping, was the first state to set up a regular diplomatic service, staffed by experienced career men whose duties were governed by strict regulations.

Saint's Journey

Carpaccio loved to paint scenes of ships. Above is a panel from his series on St. Ursula, showing Conon, Ursula's betrothed, saying goodbye to his father in England (*section above*) and (*section at right*) to Ursula's parents in Brittany.

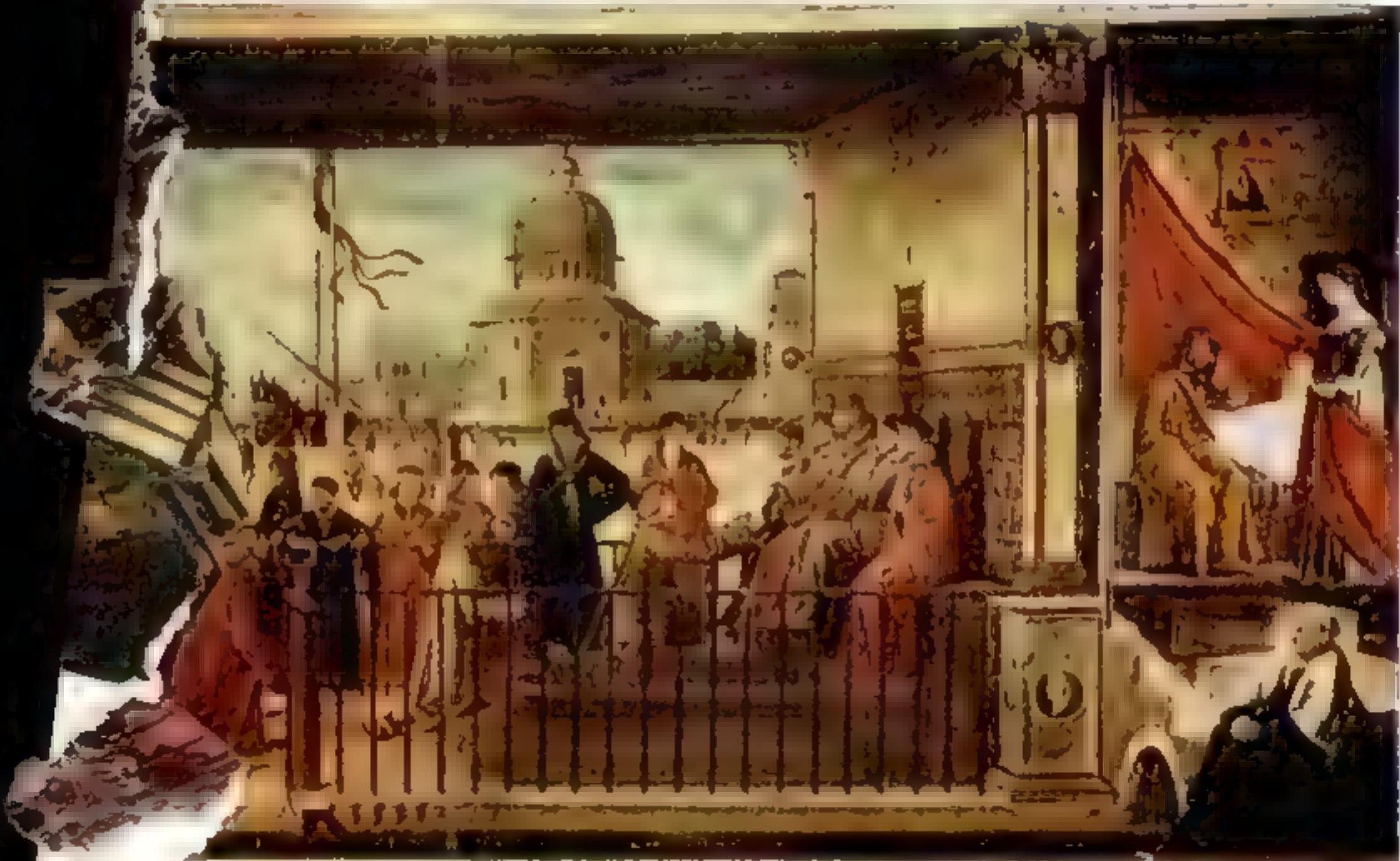
Venetian ambassadors at foreign courts were invariably well informed, and their reports, which exist today among the city's archives, constitute a remarkable history of the great European cities from Moscow to Madrid. Ambassadors were elected by the Senate from the nobility. To advertise Venice's wealth, they took on their missions horses, carriages, coachmen, servants. Ambassadors extraordinary also took a band of musicians.

In the 14th and 15th Centuries Venetians were the most successful travelers in Europe, and their fleet was the largest in the world. It was owned by the state, which rented out ships to the city's merchants. The build and equipment of each ship and the duties of its crew were prescribed by law. Passengers paid for the space they occupied, and each ship was required to carry its own orchestra. Thrilled by Italy's greatest seaport, the poet Petrarch wrote, "From my windows . . . I see vessels as large as my house. . . . They sail to all parts of the world and brave a thousand dangers."



Ambassadors

One of the nine paintings Carpaccio did in the Ursula series deal with ambassadors, an all-absorbing interest in Venice. Below: the king of Brittany in a Venetian setting receives English ambassadors. At right: he talks with his daughter Ursula who, by legend, was slaughtered along with 11,000 virgins by the Huns.





Battle of Lepanto

Veronese's painting celebrates the last great naval victory over the Turks in 1571. Above the battle the city's patron saints are interceding with the Virgin on behalf of the Venetian fleet while an angel (right) hurls fiery bolts on the foe.

City's Life

The prosperous citizens loved games and fetes

The people of Venice, said a Frenchman who visited the city, were one big family. In the city the feudal system, with its barriers between high and humble citizens, hardly existed at all. Though the aristocracy was a privileged class, it shared the city's delights with the common people.

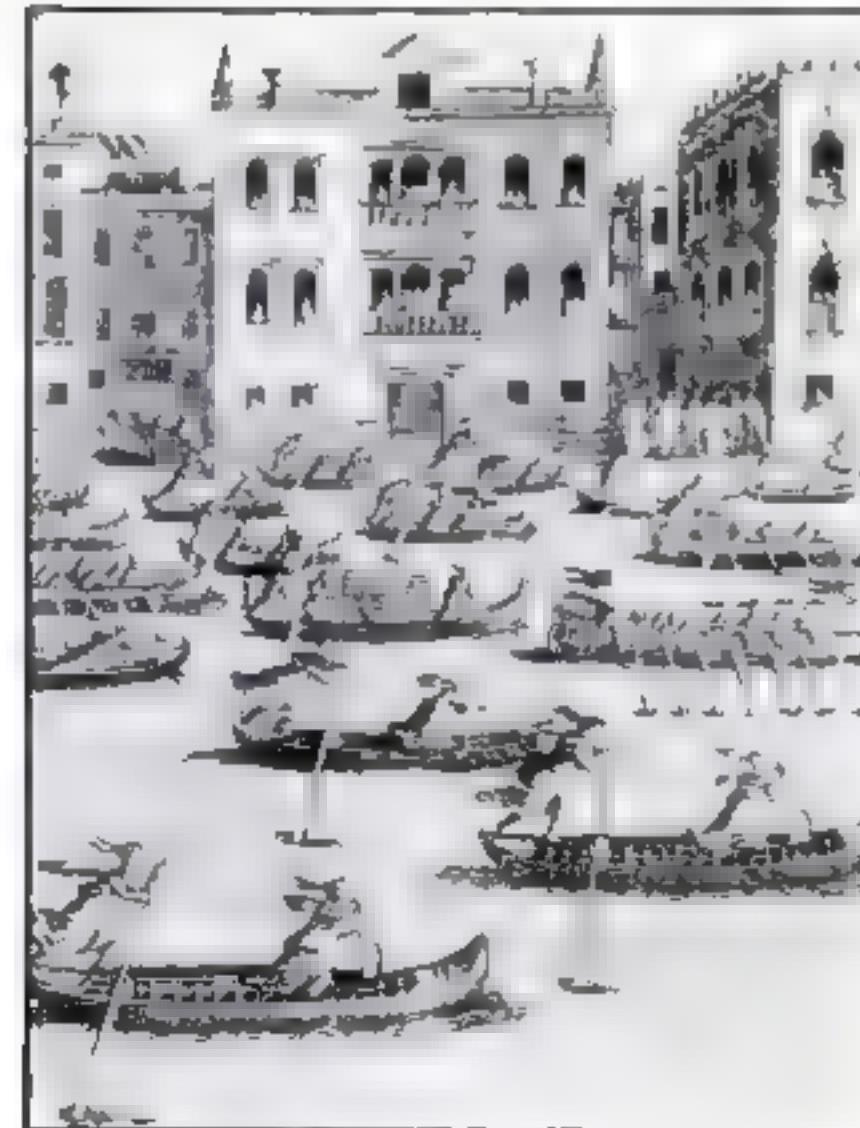
Everybody took part in, or turned out for, the great public festivals with their regattas, sham fights, bull- and bear-baiting contests. Acrobatic contests were held between sections of the city to see who could make the tallest human pyramid. Duck-shooting in the lagoons was popular. The doge himself, whose life was strictly governed by law, was obliged to shoot ducks every Christmas season and present five ducks apiece to his Great Council. This meant that the doge and his attendants had to bag about 5,000 birds, and if he failed to shoot them he had to buy them.

In 1571 Venice threw all its strength into the battle of Lepanto (*opposite page*) which both destroyed the seapower of the Ottoman Turks and exhausted the Venetians. But even in the following centuries of its decline Venice remained a gay city and a place where Western Europe loved to take its pleasure.



PAYDAY AT THE ARSENAL. Venice's huge shipyard, shows 16th Century workmen going

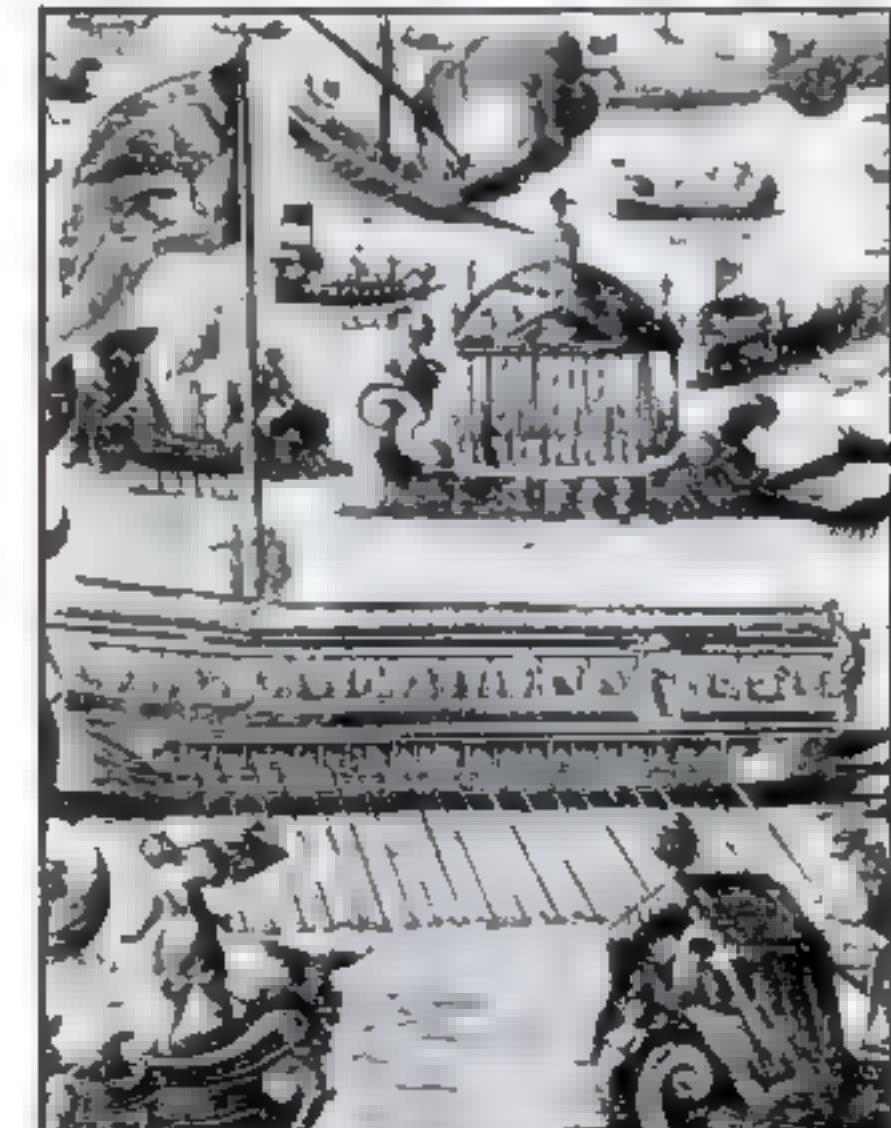
to pay window at left. Arsenal employed 16,000 men, whose wages swelled the city's prosperity.



LADY GONDOLIERS, who competed for sport, raced on Grand Canal. Professional gondoliers and 50-man galleys also held annual contests.



MOCK WARS were held on feast days between different sections of the city. Groups would meet on the bridges, push each other into the canals.



GRANDEST FESTIVAL of year was symbolic wedding of the doge and the sea, to which this 42-oared ship carried the doge and his *dogaressa*.

Renaissance Minds



Pico: How to Think

Pico della Mirandola (1463–94) was among the greatest of the Renaissance humanists, the men who revived the learning of ancient Greece and Rome and who taught the Renaissance new ways to think. He was the youngest son of the Prince of Mirandola, who claimed descent from the Roman Emperor Constantine. At 14, Pico entered the University of Bologna, tired of it after two years and spent the next seven years wandering among the schools of Italy and France. There he acquired the Greek and Latin learning and the inquiring mind which was characteristic of humanism. He collected a great library of the ancient authors and learned, in addition to Greek and Latin, Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldee.

Inclined to mysticism, Pico was absorbed in the Kabbalah and cryptic Eastern writings. His views on theology, set down in 900 questions and answers, were prohibited by the Church and it required a special brief from the Pope to establish Pico's orthodoxy.

Pico had been a typical Renaissance nobleman, gallant and a great ladies' man. After his brush with the Church he dedicated his life to one of the Renaissance's major concerns—reconciling the teachings of Christianity with the philosophy of Plato. He became a luminary of the circle of Lorenzo de' Medici in Florence, where Plato was the staple of conversation. Unlike many humanists Pico had deep respect for other learning than that of classical antiquity. Unlike many Renaissance scholars he did not fall into the pit of pedantry. And unlike many of his half-pagan associates he was a really devout man. The cast of Pico's mind, at once modest and magnificent, is revealed in his oration on the dignity of man: "It is a commonplace of the schools that man is a little world, in which we may discern a body mingled of earthly elements, and ethereal breath, and the vegetable life of plants, and the senses of the lower animals, and reason and the intelligence of angels, and a likeness to God."

Machiavelli: How to Govern

Niccolò Machiavelli (1469–1527), whose name has become a synonym for unscrupulous cunning, wrote *The Prince*, a manual of how rulers can get and keep power, which has had a distinguished readership both among Renaissance and modern politicians. Machiavelli himself was an unsuccessful politician of Florence who learned politics by firsthand observation as a secretary and ambassador. Sent as Florentine envoy to Cesare Borgia, Machiavelli was charmed by Cesare's combination of political audacity, prudence, cruelty, fraud, firmness and flexibility. In Cesare, whose political character he idealized in *The Prince*, Machiavelli saw the strong man who someday might unite Italy.

In Florence, for trying to switch allegiances, Machiavelli was imprisoned, racked and sent to live on his farm. By day he wore work clothes. At night he put on his best suit and sat down at his desk to write. The result was new realism in political thinking. The Middle Ages had assumed an ideal in the organization of states and the conduct of statesmen. Machiavelli, more practical, assumed that man is a political animal and will behave like an animal. He founded the science of politics in the modern sense. The state he envisaged is the modern state. His Prince is the *l'état c'est moi* type of king and dictator through whom, thought Machiavelli, an idealized republican state might be achieved. He conceived the modern idea of a national militia. Machiavelli's politics, in which necessity could overrule ethics, has become the politics of the 20th Century, but he was realistic rather than deliberately unscrupulous, practical rather than cynical. "A prince," he wrote, ". . . must imitate the fox and the lion, for the lion cannot protect himself from traps, and the fox cannot protect himself from wolves. . . . Injuries should be done all at once, so that, being felt less, they offend less; benefits should be given little by little, so that the flavor of them may last longer."

Venice was an enormously important agent of the Renaissance. But to the creative intellectual activity of the time she contributed little. The great Renaissance minds flourished

in other cities, notably in Florence. Like all of Western Europe, however, Venice was stirred and excited by the four Renaissance men below, whose minds influenced all her

life and thoughts: Pico della Mirandola who taught how to think, Machiavelli who taught how to rule, Castiglione who taught how to live, and Savonarola who taught how to die.



Castiglione: How to Live

While Machiavelli was writing *The Prince*, a very different kind of Renaissance man was writing a very different kind of book. Baldassare Castiglione (1478–1529) was the prototype of the modern gentleman, and his famous book, *The Courtier*, is the greatest of the books on etiquette. In Venice, it was published by the Aldine Press and was for its time a best-seller. An English translation was published as early as 1561.

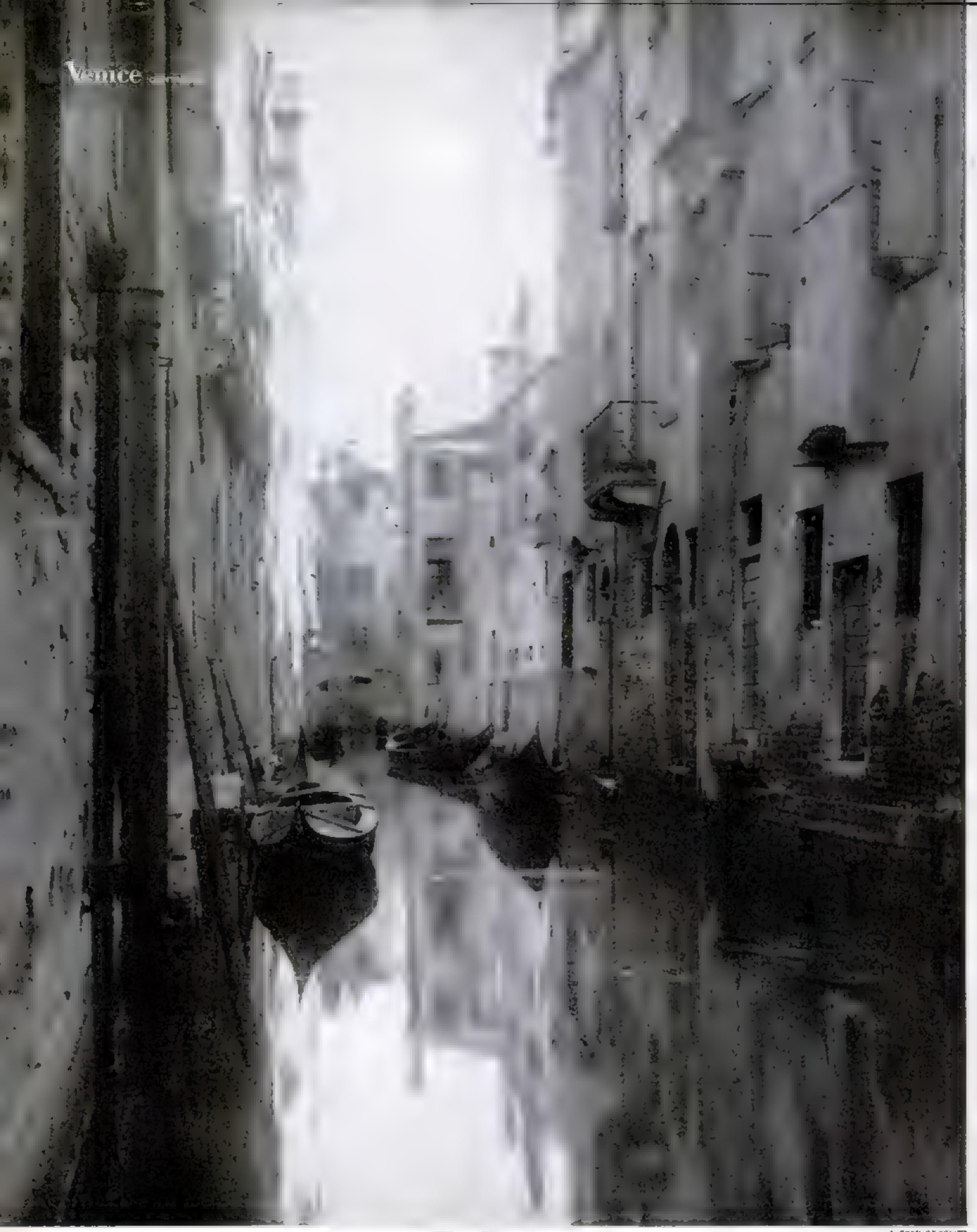
Castiglione, who held the title of count, was born on his small family estate near Mantua. He received a thorough Renaissance education, the equivalent of a first-rate private school education nowadays, and became, as a cultured and witty diplomat and statesman, a bright star at the court of Ludovico Sforza, the able despot of Milan. Later Castiglione attached himself to the Duke of Urbino.

The court of Urbino was one of the most tranquil in Italy. Conversation was a high art there and *The Courtier* is told in a series of conversations held in the drawing room of the duchess. The figure of the gentleman who emerges from these talks is the ideal that has come down almost unchanged from the Renaissance. If Machiavelli's *Prince* was a specialist in the art of realistic politics, Castiglione's *Courtier* was a specialist in the art of elegant living. But while Castiglione preached a life which was graceful and pleasurable, he still recognized the responsibilities of the aristocracy. Says one of the speakers in *The Courtier*: "The purpose, then, of the perfect courtier, I submit, is thus: that he should win, by the qualities these gentlemen have bestowed on him, the favor and confidence of his master so completely that he may and always will tell him the truth, in whatever concerns him, without fear of his displeasure. Hence I should say that music, games, pleasure-making and the other graces of the courtier are the flower of his calling, but its fruit is to induce and aid the prince to govern well."

Savonarola: How to Die

Girolamo Savonarola (1452–1498), the man who tried to teach the Renaissance how to die, was, in his religious fervor, a throwback to the Middle Ages. By his assertion of the religious rights of the individual and his defiance of the authority of the Pope, he was a forerunner of the Protestant Reformation. When he was a young Dominican friar his superiors had to tone down his religious austeries. Sent to the Florence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Savonarola preached against its worldliness and the corruption of the church. His apocalyptic sermons threatened disaster to Florence and the church. Thousands crowded to hear him and his fiery descriptions of the hell which awaited those who died without having repented and been saved. He became the focus for political opposition to the Medici. After Lorenzo died and a bloodless revolution drove out the Medici, Savonarola became the ruler of Florence, the theocratic dictator of a revived Florentine republic. He gave it a constitution copied directly from Venice. He reformed the tax laws, the judiciary and tried to turn the pleasure-loving city into the city of God. For a while he succeeded. Carnival fripperies and indecent books were publicly burned. The children were organized to carry out his reforms and to report their parents' lapses. The artist Botticelli, who had delighted in painting naked pagan goddesses in *Birth of Venus* and *Primavera*, was so affected by Savonarola's example that he burned all his nude studies.

As his sermons against the corrupt Church became more violent, a cardinal's hat was dangled before Savonarola as bait. Said he: "No hat will I have but that of a martyr reddened with my own blood." Reluctantly the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, excommunicated him. Savonarola urged the monarchs of Europe to depose the Pope. But Florence had had enough. A mob seized Savonarola. He was tortured, tried for heresy, hanged and his body publicly burned.



ALFRED ST. EGLITZ

The Romantic City

The glory of Venice has gone from its life but the romance is still everywhere in the great piazzas and the *palazzi* and along the quiet back canals whose shimmering waters are stirred now not by greatness but only by the gliding gondolas.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



IT'S A REAL FREEZER...and A GREAT REFRIGERATOR...Two in ONE!

There's Plenty of Room for 76 Meals...at one time...in this superbly planned new Two-Temp. Whopping big, man-sized meals, too...more than 6 days' food for a family of four. The Freeze Chest alone holds more than 56 pounds of frozen foods and ice cubes...freezes food, too, if you wish. Large quantities of milk,

staples and leftovers easily fit on the shelves. Huge amounts of fruit and vegetables stay fresh and crisp in the two giant Humidrawers. See the new Two-Temp...trimmed with Apricream, the exciting new "go with" color...and many other wonderful new electric appliances at your Westinghouse retailer's now.

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Some things you should know about allergy

No. 206 in a series of messages from Parke, Davis & Co.
on the importance of prompt and proper medical care.

MEDICAL science has discovered many interesting things about allergy.

If today you tell your doctor that you suffer from asthma, sneezing attacks, or itchy eyes, one thing he considers is the possibility that you may be allergic—which means that you may be sensitive to some substance which causes no trouble for most people.

In discovering this offending substance (known as an allergen), your doctor acts as a detective. He may ask detailed questions about the time of your attacks, where they occur, the furnishings of your home, the food you eat.

Such questions may give him clues to the nature of your trouble. If your attacks come, for instance, in the late spring or summer months and last till the first frosts, he will suspect that your trouble is due to some pollen, that you may have some form of "hay fever."

In other forms of allergy, it is not so easy to track down the offending substance. If your case is not clear-cut, your doctor must consider hundreds of possibilities.

A few grains of mustard can make some people violently ill. A man can be sensitive to his wife's face powder, or to dog hair, or grass pollen, or to the cattle hair in the mat under a rug.

Simple skin tests are often used to reveal the offending substance. Drops of various extracts—of pollen, foods, and other substances—are injected into the skin or put on skin scratches. If you are sensitive to the substance being tested, a swelling will usually develop within a few minutes.

Once a doctor has found what causes the allergic reaction—by means of the history of the case supplemented by skin tests—he will prescribe treatment according to the nature of the patient's sensitivities.

If the patient is allergic to a particular food, the easiest solution is to avoid the food. If his sensitivity is to feathers, the substitution of a fibre pillow for a



feather one may bring surprisingly effective relief.

If the allergen is house dust or pollen, or something else that cannot be easily avoided, a series of inoculations may be suggested.

Some people, however, do not respond to this type of treatment, or are sensitive to too many different things to make inoculations a practical procedure. New chemical drugs—developed to control

allergic reactions in certain types of allergy—are showing promise. They are to be used, of course, only under the direction of a physician.

SEE YOUR DOCTOR. If you suffer from recurring and unexplained attacks of sneezing, skin rashes, or asthma, see your doctor. In allergy, as in other medical problems, your physician can give you more help today than ever before.

VENICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

in the shipwreck of their world, to the marshy Venetian islands and joined the handful of original settlers, simple fishermen, saltmakers and perhaps a few patricians who hoped to ride out the collapse of civilization near what, in quieter times, had been their seaside villas. On clear days the refugees could see across the Lagoon the source from which the land of their refuge had come—the blue line of the Alps. The 12 mud banks had been washed down through ages from these mountains by the rivers of north Italy's fertile plain.

The key to Venice's greatness was her destitution. Everything had to be brought to the islands—vegetables, fruit, grain, cloth, wood (and later stone) for building. While the rest of Europe shattered into a thousand quarreling feudal castles, concerned chiefly with fighting and farming, Venice looked seaward and lived by the only means she had—trade. Unlike the mass of medieval men, the Venetians were never tied to the soil. Venice knew no serfs. She scarcely knew the Middle Ages, remaining throughout those battlemented times Europe's one great city which never built a wall. So her people, despite the paternalistic despotism of their government, felt the freedom of seafarers who can never be regimented because they are always on the move. They kept for 1,000 years the independence of mind of those who daily mix with men of other nations and creeds. They kept, in form at least, the government of a republic. Other Italian city-states came under the power of individual despots and fell, after the Renaissance, in the rising surge of European nationalism. But Venice kept the flexibility of a government in which many of the people retained the right, if not the real power, to govern themselves.

At first the Venetians traded with the mainland in light, shallow boats which, with the addition of the slender beak and stern post, graceful as the curve of lifting waves, would one day become gondolas. But the open sea was the buoyant highway. Beyond its tossing horizon lay the rich bazaars of Antioch and Alexandria and the golden domes of Constantinople, opulent capital of the Byzantine Empire, of which Venice at first was a nominal dependency. In time her galleys, powered by wind or banks of rowing slaves and grouped in convoys for protection, drove down the Dalmatian coast, into the mouth of the Nile, through the Bosphorus and her merchants planted a trading post in the Crimea.

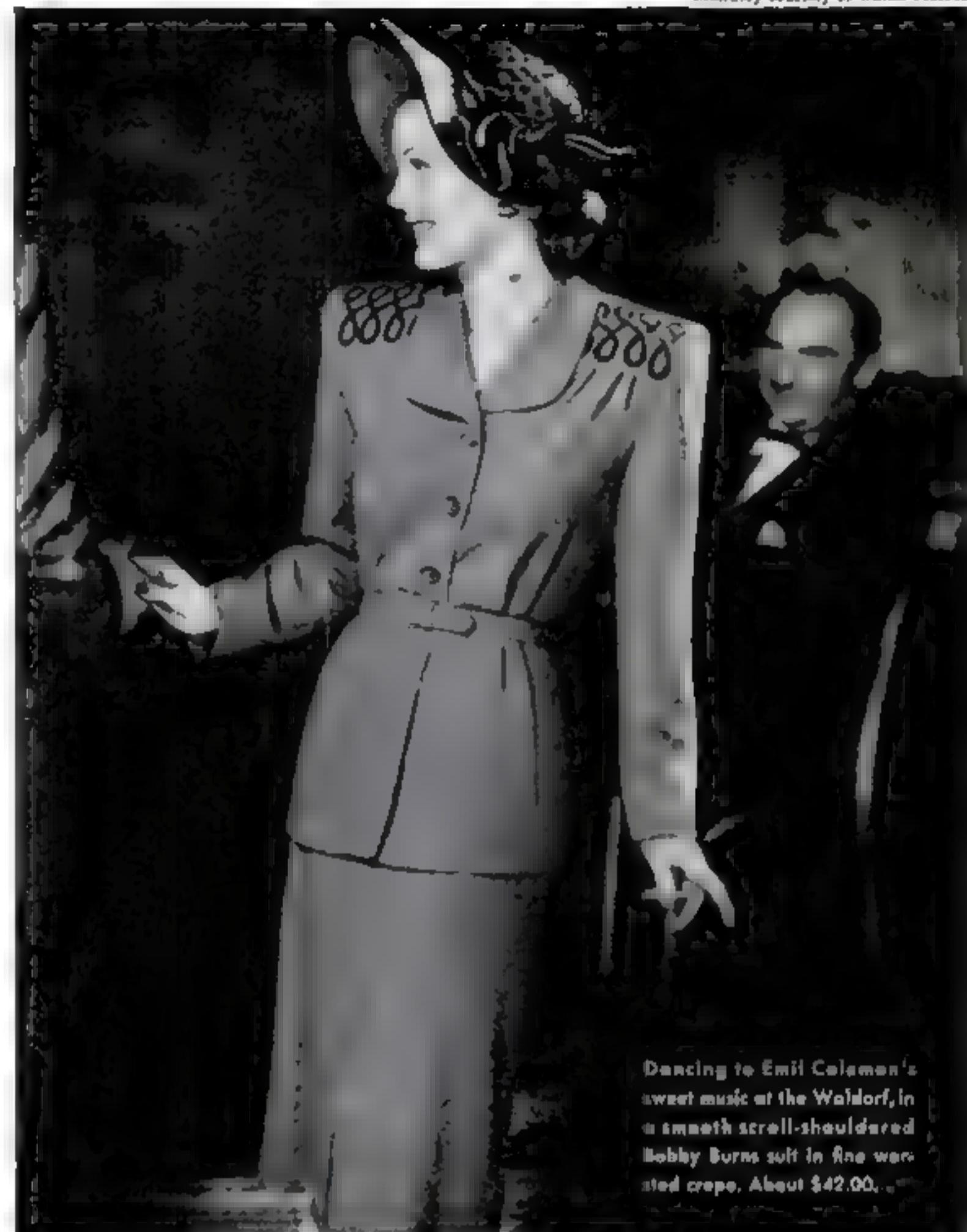
She has been called "a joint stock company for the exploitation of the East." For 500 years Venice lived for little else. Trade was the pulse of policy and trade tempered for Venice the crusading enthusiasms of medieval Europe. Moslems and Christians alike were her customers. Trade made Venice prefer peace to war, which was itself but a reflex of trade and which she waged fiercely when she had to. Trade defined her foreign policy, which consisted in supporting her weakest neighbor until he became strong enough to threaten her, at which moment she abandoned him.

Discovery was a thrust of trade, which drove her merchants to some of the most famous explorations in history. It drove the three most famous of merchants—Marco Polo and his father and uncle—to open up to the incredulous Middle Ages the wonders of Kublai Khan's China, India and unheard of Cipango (Japan). When, in the Age of Discovery, Columbus stumbled on a new world, his portentous miscalculation was largely based on the dog-eared copy of Marco Polo's travels, which he kept always by him.

Her empire came to Venice not like Britain's in what has been called "moments of absentmindedness" but as a calculated commercial risk. She acquired Istria for wood for her ships. She acquired Dalmatia to control the coastal pirates. She acquired Aegean islands, the Morea and Crete in the shipwreck of Byzantium, which she helped the Crusaders to conquer in order to reinforce her monopoly of Eastern trade. To secure her food supply she eventually acquired possessions on the Italian mainland, extending from Lake Como on the west to the mouth of the Po on the south.

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Millinery courtesy of Walter Fiorelli



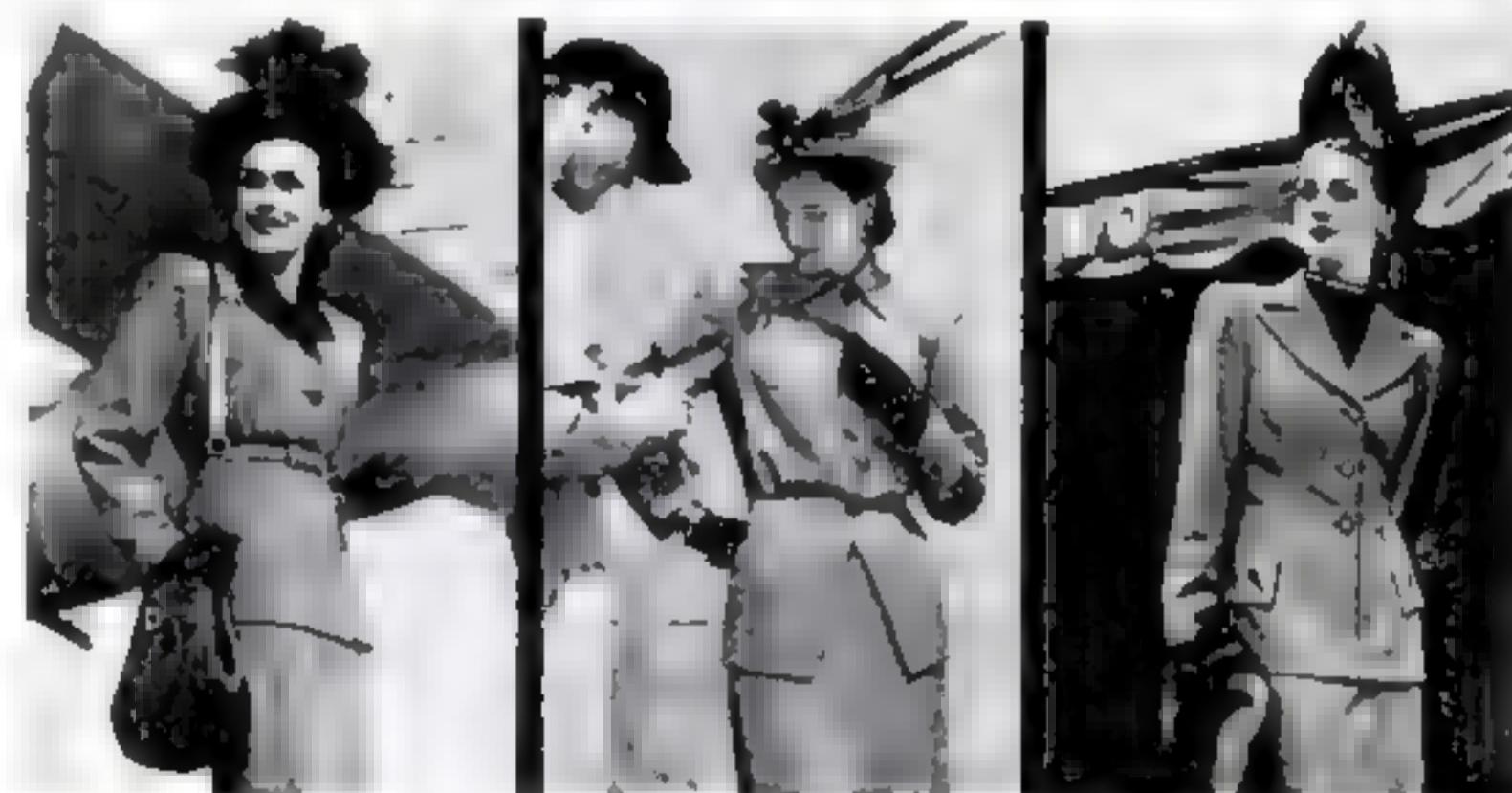
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YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

*if it's Sleeping
you are missing!*

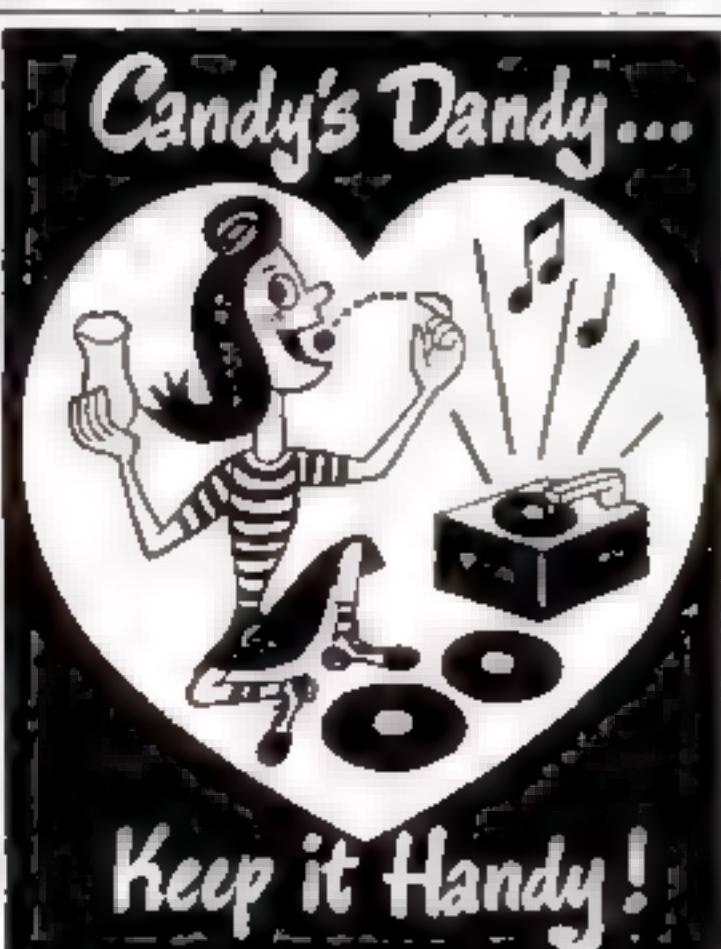
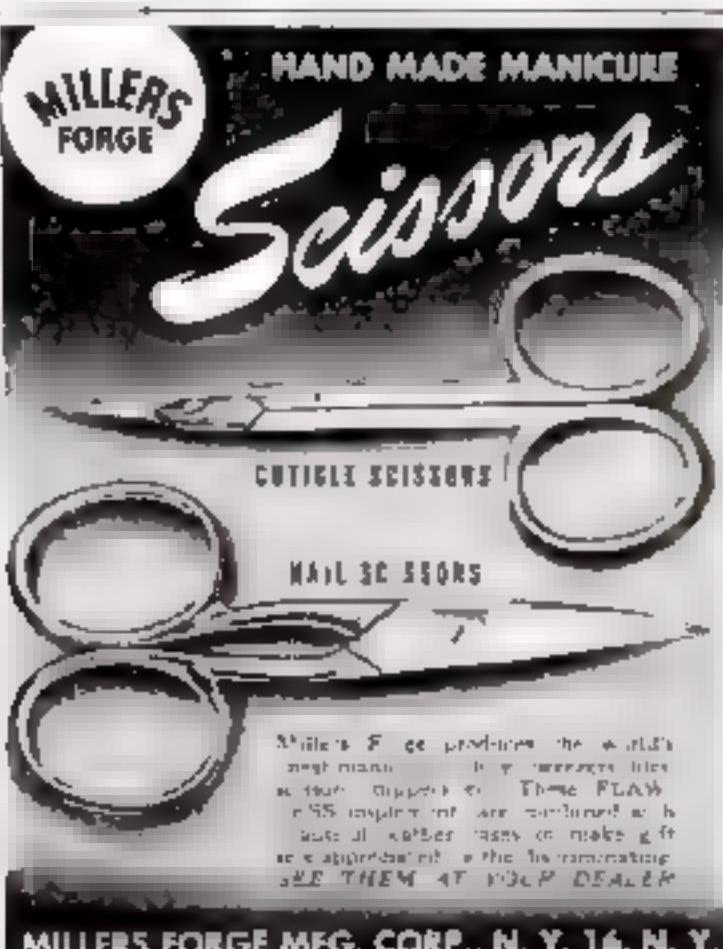


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Venice CONTINUED

ALL these territorial treasures, widely separated by the sea, were threaded together by her shuttling ships, which she standardized (for Venice knew about standardization before Henry Ford) so that her trading galleys were quickly convertible to ships of war. Her galleys were built in the Arsenal, which was the dynamo of Venetian sea power. Dante, seeing in a vision the lake of burning pitch in Hell, could think of only one comparison:

*Quale nell' Arzana de' Veneziani
Bolle l'inverno la tenace pece . . .*

(As in the Arsenal at Venice, in winter they boil the sticky pitch . . .)

During the Renaissance, in the 14th and 15th Centuries, the Arsenal was the world's biggest industrial plant, manufacturing everything from nails to cannon, turning out complete ships on its assembly line. "As one enters the gate," wrote a Spanish visitor in 1436, "there is a great street on either hand with the sea in the middle, and on one side are windows opening out of the houses of the Arsenal, and the same on the other side. And out came a galley towed by a boat, and from the windows they handed out to them, from one the cordage, from another the bread, from another the arms, and from another the ballistas and mortars, and so from all sides everything that was required. And when the galley had reached the end of the street, all the men required were on board, together with the complement of oars, and she was fully equipped from end to end. In this manner there came out 10 galleys fully armed, between the hours of 3 and 9." In 1570, during the war with the Turks, the Arsenal turned out 100 fully outsifted galleys in 100 days. Four years later, when King Henry III of France dropped in, he was shown a galley with only the keel and ribs in position. Then he sat down to a two-hour feast. When he got up the galley, now completely constructed, equipped, armed and manned, was launched in his presence.

IF this dynamo hummed with the shipbuilding that floated Venetian power, the city hummed with the life that depended on the ships. The Rialto, the main bridge over the Grand Canal, was the hub of commercial Venice. The surrounding wharves, streets and piazzas teemed with the most cosmopolitan population in the world—Turks, Byzantine Greeks, Cretans, French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans, even a delegation of Japanese. The docks were piled high with Venetian export goods—salt and salt fish, wooden utensils, wrought iron, damask and cloth of gold for which the city was famous, woolen goods, gold and silver filigree work and the wonderful Venetian glass from the little island of Murano, the most beautiful glass that Europe has ever produced.

The galleys, moored in the heart of the city, unloaded the spoils of Europe, Asia and Africa—silks, satins, cotton goods, furs, spices and sandalwood from as far away as Timor, and marble looted from the temples of Greece or Syria for the churches of Venice.

This tide of wealth rose on the docks of Renaissance Venice and flooded the lives of Venetians with an unparalleled prosperity. It was visible in the characteristic Venetian manner—the air of authority, luxury and indolent well-being, in the city's gorgeous trappings and, above all, in the magnificent panoply of the official festivities.

One of these festivities occurred whenever a new doge was installed. On that occasion the craft guilds, each in a different costume, marched past the doge, two by two, in ostentatious parade. The furriers were dressed in ermine. The clothes of the 10 master sailors were decorated with vermilion stars. The master weavers of gold cloth were dressed in cloth of gold and garlands of pearls, and the master glassmakers in fur-trimmed scarlet. The goldsmiths wore garlands and necklaces of gold and silver, pearls, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, topazes, jacinths, rubies. The clothmakers carried trumpets, cups of silver and jars of wine, and the comb and lantern makers carried lanterns filled with live birds.

But the most impressive festival of the Venetian year was the wedding of Venice and the sea, *La Sposalizio*, held on Ascension Day—originally to commemorate the victory of Doge Pietro Orseolo II over the Dalmatians in the year 1000. The doge would appear on his official barge, the Bucentaur, rowed by young merchant princes. Thousands of gondolas and other craft would follow in his wake to the Lido, the sandy spit at the edge of the Venetian Lagoon. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88



Hope you'll be
as lucky as I am, Princess!

Just between us girls, it's pretty wonderful to have a home and a husband and a baby of your own. Of course you'll have to do some tail looking to find someone as spectacular as Daddy.

He's the kind of man who acts as if he enjoys getting up to give you 6 A.M. bottles. He practically insists on helping with the dinner dishes. And darling, he even shops for you! And do you know what he had waiting for us when we got back from the hospital? This perfectly scrumptious Hollander Blended Muskrat coat plus that elegant toy giraffe you'll be cooing for in a minute.

Next to you, I couldn't have wanted anything more!

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this year
fur cost less
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Venice CONTINUED

Bishop of Castello rowed out to meet the doge and offered him peeled chestnuts, red wine and a bunch of red roses in a silver vase. After prayers the bishop blessed a gold ring. The doge then rose from his seat, threw the ring into the Adriatic and cried, "*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique domunii Serenissimae Republicae Venetae*" (We wed thee, Sea, in sign of the true and perpetual domination of the Most Serene Venetian Republic). After Mass the doge held a great reception and official feast. The Piazza San Marco became the scene of a great fair, where the reveling went on uninterruptedly for eight days.

From all over Europe men came to see the city whose merchants in power and luxury were the peers of Europe's monarchs. Dante, on the long inferno of his exile from Florence, wandered beside her canals. Petrarch, humanist, sonneteer, sometimes called "the first modern man," visited Venice and in grateful memory bequeathed her his incomparable collection of ancient manuscripts and books, for which Venice built the world's first public library. Benvenuto Cellini, swinging between murder and masterpieces of silverwork, was her guest. Pietro Aretino, "the scourge of kings" and prototype of today's columnist, penned from Venice the wittily scandalous personal attacks for which the great men of the Renaissance paid him to desist. In Venice he was safe from the daggers of outraged victims and the rack of the Inquisition, since Venice never permitted the Church a free hand on her soil. Manuel Chrysoloras and the other Eastern scholars who taught Italy to read Homer in the original entered the West through the water gate of Venice.

Few of them lingered long, for Venice was not, like Florence, a conflagration of the mind. But they brought to the splendid, worldly, commercial city of the sea the turmoil of the mind which we call the Renaissance. For like nearly everything else, the Renaissance too was imported into Venice.

EVERY great civilization is no more than the effort of the men who briefly compose it to arrest and perpetuate in art, in literature, in politics, in religion, their vision of the meaning of life. To medieval man the meaning of life had been salvation. He looked about him, and the logic of his judgment seemed to him irrefutable: the world being what it was, happiness here was difficult and transitory. Not all but much of the energies of his mind were directed to achieving life beyond this world.

Renaissance man also looked about him and his cry of exultation was epitomized by the greatest of Renaissance poets, Shakespeare, in lines that might have been uttered at the Creation: "... This goodly frame, the earth ... this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof frett'd with golden fire! ... What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! ..."

This revolutionary shift in viewpoint came slowly. There are roots of the Renaissance in the Middle Ages. Medieval traces lingered into the Renaissance. But by the 14th Century the Middle Ages had grown tired. They were exhausted by their prodigious effort to create a new civilization from the debris left by fallen Rome, exhausted by the effort of the medieval mind to capture God in abstract definitions, exhausted by their piety. Men did not forsake the Church, but they sought a new authority for their new yearnings and thought that they had found it in the half-effaced or forgotten literary, architectural and sculptural remains of Greece and Rome. In their longing they prospected as eagerly for these classical treasures as men now prospect for oil.

The Italian earth was full of buried statues. The monasteries were filled with buried works of classical greatness—Plato, Homer, Lucretius, Horace, Cicero, Tacitus, Apuleius—evidences of a lost world of light, reason and luxury. The ancient seed stirred in the ancient Italian soil and, like the harvest of the dragon's teeth, there burst forth, at this contact with the Hellenic and Roman past, Renaissance man.

VIOLENCE and individualism were the mode of the Renaissance. Often individualism took the form of a criminal passion for political power. Borgias, Medici, Carraras, Visconti and Sforzas quite literally waded through blood to make themselves masters of

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COLD
when you own a
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A Jud Whitehead automatic electric water heater knows only one trick. That's to give you all the hot water you want, when you want it. Not when it feels like it... but when you feel like it. H-O-T always spells hot when you own a Jud Whitehead. Just as L-O-W always spells low when the fuel bills come.

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As you set out the Schlitz and slice up the ham, even the most modest kitchen becomes a place where guests like to linger . . . while the beer that made Milwaukee famous adds its own friendly flavor to the passing moments.

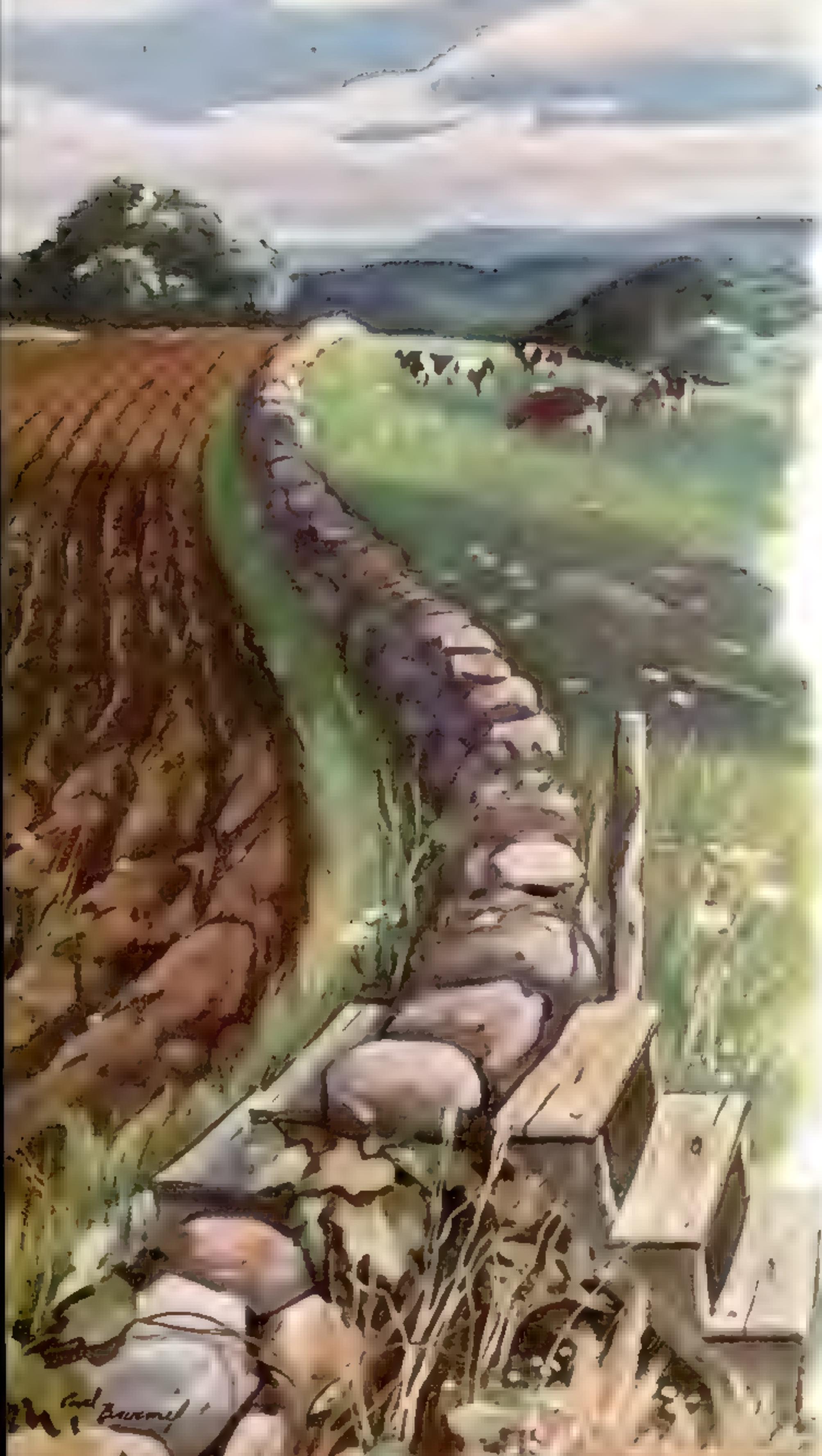
*Just the KISS
of the hops*

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The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

Necessity is the Mother



Objective: To cross into the next field without letting cattle loose.

Needed: an invention to make it easy.

Achievement: dating from Medieval times: the old time stile ...

In labor, as today. Shell scientists explore fields so new that the men are forging into them. Tools and instruments have never been invented ...

They have other earth-breaking ideas—soil analysis—new ways to develop better products. But necessity is the reason. Crossing from electric utility ...

Shell scientists like the engineer shown for the first time ever made their own ways to get off over before. Among them, experimental studies involving devices developed to research the properties of new materials.

The Surface Potentiometer A unique device measures soil resistance to penetration by a probe. It can record resistance to penetration at various depths and velocity of penetration.

Automatic Oxidation Recorder An automatic recorder records the rate of oxidation of the oil. This is done by quenching the oil in a bath of ice water.

Reciprocating Wear Tester A reciprocating tester between two surfaces simulates the wear conditions of two parts in relative motion. This tester also tests the wear of bearing supports, such as Resin-impregnated fiber-reinforced metals.

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Venice CONTINUED

some city and its countryside, no bigger than an American county. But there was also violence in the consuming passion with which literary men and scholars threw themselves into the study of Latin and Greek or devoured the ancient authors, seeking to produce a new classical literature of Ciceronian elegance and a philosophy that would blend Christianity and Plato. There was violence in the effort of individual men to pack multiple careers into one lifetime. Lorenzo de' Medici was a statesman, financier, poet, musician, Hellenist, playboy. Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini (LIFE, March 3) was a scholar, a poet and a politician who finally became a pope. Leonardo da Vinci was the painter of the *Mona Lisa* and the *Last Supper*, a military engineer, a scientist and aeronautical experimenter.

Renaissance man aspired to be "*l'uomo universale*" (the universal man). "Men," said Leon Alberti with the voice of modernity, "can do all things if they will." This optimism led to monstrous excesses and magnificent achievements. It also led to an unusual human equality. In the Renaissance world of uncommon men a talented peasant was rated the superior of a dull duke and was treated as such.

This violent enfranchisement of the mind and prowess of the individual man was the meaning of the Renaissance. As creative imagination, it found a supreme expression in painting. In this art the greatness of the Renaissance and the greatness of Venice flowed together.

THE imagination of Venice was practical and fully occupied by the arts of governing men, seafaring and sumptuous living. To the intellectual ferment of the Renaissance she added little. But there is a genius of place, and Venice was caught by a visual music of the sea and air. The water sucked at the mooring posts, lapping the stone stairs of the docks. Over the city, air quivered like liquid glass and blazed with lights reverberated by the sea or softened into mist which deposited salt crystals on the tinted façades of the *palazzi*. Sometimes the sky was tumultuous with such storms as ships sustain on the open sea. Always, in immense contrasting silence, the clouds sailed, like fleets, out to the Adriatic. This color saturated Venice from the sky and water. And while the city went about her daily, worldly tasks of buying and selling, it entered, like the beauty born of murmuring sound, into her stony face as each *palazzo*, bridge and ship rode above its shadow in the still canals. This dreamy presence beside the waters shimmered into incomparable life in the art of seven great painters: Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, Carpaccio, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese.

There is an art of irreducible simplicities: tragic, as man reviews his fate in the light of the qualities of nobility, justice and compassion that are his claim to greatness; ironic, as with courage, the quality that makes it possible for him to persist at all, he reviews the absurdity of his dilemma. This is the art of Giotto and Michelangelo. But there is another art—an art of the grace of opulence, of the fully ripened character, of the full-blown flesh, of the fruit sun-seasoned to bursting, of life without the implications of fate. Of this art, adult and autumnal, the Venetians were the masters.

THIS supreme art was a sunset. By the 17th Century the conquest of Byzantium by the Turks had shut off Venetian trade with the East. With the opening of the new sea route to Asia and the New World, Venice lived more and more on small change and past greatness. She did not go down at once. Anchored on her islands, she swung with the currents of history in which she no longer played a decisive role. For two more centuries she listed, settling as a doomed ship settles until, when Napoleon arrived and Wordsworth wrote his obituary sonnet (p. 47), she sank.

"Men are we," Wordsworth wrote, that is to say, the only living creatures which conserve in memory the cultures that have made us what we are. The shade of Venice's greatness has merged with history's deeper shadows. The panoply, the lavish life, the teeming trade, lie with her galleys fathoms deep in time. But the memory of the Sea-born City haunts us still, like the luminous streak left by an oar at night or Dante's *tremolo del mar*—the tremulous play of light and waves at sea.



*"Whoa, Mom!
Can't you take it??"*



BABY: Shame, mom! You said you'd like to have a baby's easy life—but now that we've changed places, you *fuss!*

MOM: D'you blame me, lamb? These straps! This wriggling around! If I'm uncomfortable, how does your tender skin stand it?

BABY: Stand it? Mommy, I'm miserable! And now you know, too, why babies need Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Honey, I'll get 'em—quick! Then what do I do?

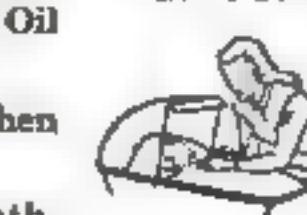
BABY: Just this, Mom. After my bath,

protect my skin all over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil. And don't forget to use it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation!"

Other times, I'll thank you for soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to help keep chafes and prickles away!

MOM: I haven't been a careful mother, have I? Watch me reform!

BABY: Watch me reform too! With Johnson's to take care of my skin, I won't have half as many howls coming!



**Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder**



Johnson & Johnson



THROUGH THE GLARE OF FLOODLIGHTS AT LONG ISLAND'S ROOSEVELT RACEWAY SEVEN PACERS STREAM PAST THE STARTING LINE WITH DRIVERS URGING THEM ON



PHILLIPS MECHANICAL GATE is mounted on a specially built car, costs \$32,000. It leads the horses past

the starting line, then folds its arms and roars away. Less expensive manual starters sell for as little as \$482.

HARNESS RACING MAKES COMEBACK

Mechanical starters and betting bring new popularity to old sport

Harness racing is currently poundling down the stretch toward its greatest season since the era of David Hartman. While ordinary racing business is off from 1946, attendance at the 538 harness race tracks across the nation is greater than ever. Many of the new racers are still country fair events, but big tracks like Roosevelt Raceway *(shown on these pages)* will draw up to 1 million fans this summer. As much as \$60 million will go through betting windows at Roosevelt. Winnings purses have also mushroomed from a total of \$2.6 million in 1944 to more than \$7 million this year. In this new prosperity even small tracks can afford huge purses; one in Delaware, Ohio (pop. 9,400) offers a purse of \$30,000 for the Little Brown Jug, a mule race for 3-year-old pacers.

This new commercialization of a 102-year-old sport was made possible by a few simple improvements. Mechanical starters cut eliminate tedious delays at the post while often keep spectators waiting 20 minutes. Organized betting has attracted huge crowds. Some parks have installed floodlights *(top)* for night races and even DDT fog generators to keep moths and insects off the spectators' necks. But all of these innovations have merely served to introduce the modern generation to the graceful sport that, as these stroboscopic pictures show, has not changed a bit since it delighted their fathers and grandfathers.



USING STROBOSCOPIC LIGHTS, LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER FRANK SCHERSCHL WAS ABLE TO CATCH FOUR OF THE HORSES WITH ALL HOOFES OFF THE GROUND AT ONCE



IN JAM UP AT FINISH Queen Chief (*foreground*) wins a mile race for \$1,000 purse. The driver is Paul Vineyard. Pacers like the horses in this race move legs on same side

simultaneously. Trotters move left foreleg forward with right hind leg. Training trotters takes a lot of time. One champion, Godsmill Maid, was still racing at the age of 26.

Keep regular without harsh **LAXATIVES**

Try Lemon and Water
— it's good for you!



Lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

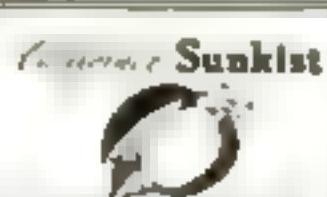
This natural fruit drink — simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water — is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is good for you!

Millions Take Lemons for Health
Lemons are among the richest sources

of vitamin C, which helps to restore energy and to resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. They also contain fiber. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show 12,000,000 Americans now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing; clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it 10 days and see if you don't benefit.

Keep regular the healthful way!
LEMON and WATER
—first thing on arising



AMAZING THING! By Cooper

SENSATIONAL NEW TING
FOR

ATHLETE'S FOOT

-REGULAR USE HELPS
RELIEVE ITCHING—
SOOTHES BURNING
BETWEEN CRACKED,
PEELING TOES—
AIDS HEALING
AMAZINGLY!

DURING
WAR USED
IN
HOSPITALS
NOW
RELEASED TO
DRUGGISTS,
GUARANTEED.
TING MUST
SATISFY YOU
IN A WEEK—
OR
MONEY BACK!

IN LAB TESTS
TING PROVED
EFFECTIVE IN
KILLING SPECIFIC
TYPES OF ATHLETE'S
FOOT FUNGI ON
60 SECOND
CONTACT!

EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS
HAVE FAILED, TRY
AMAZING TING TODAY!
GREASELESS, STAINLESS!
ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY **50¢**
... ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE NEW **89¢ ECONOMY SIZE**.



Harness Racing CONTINUED



DRIVERS watch from edge of the track at Roosevelt Raceway. Because they ride behind horses in bicycle-wheeled sulkies they do not have to keep their weight down like jockeys. Many own and train the horses they race and keep at the sport until they are in their 70s. They earn as much as \$25,000 a year.

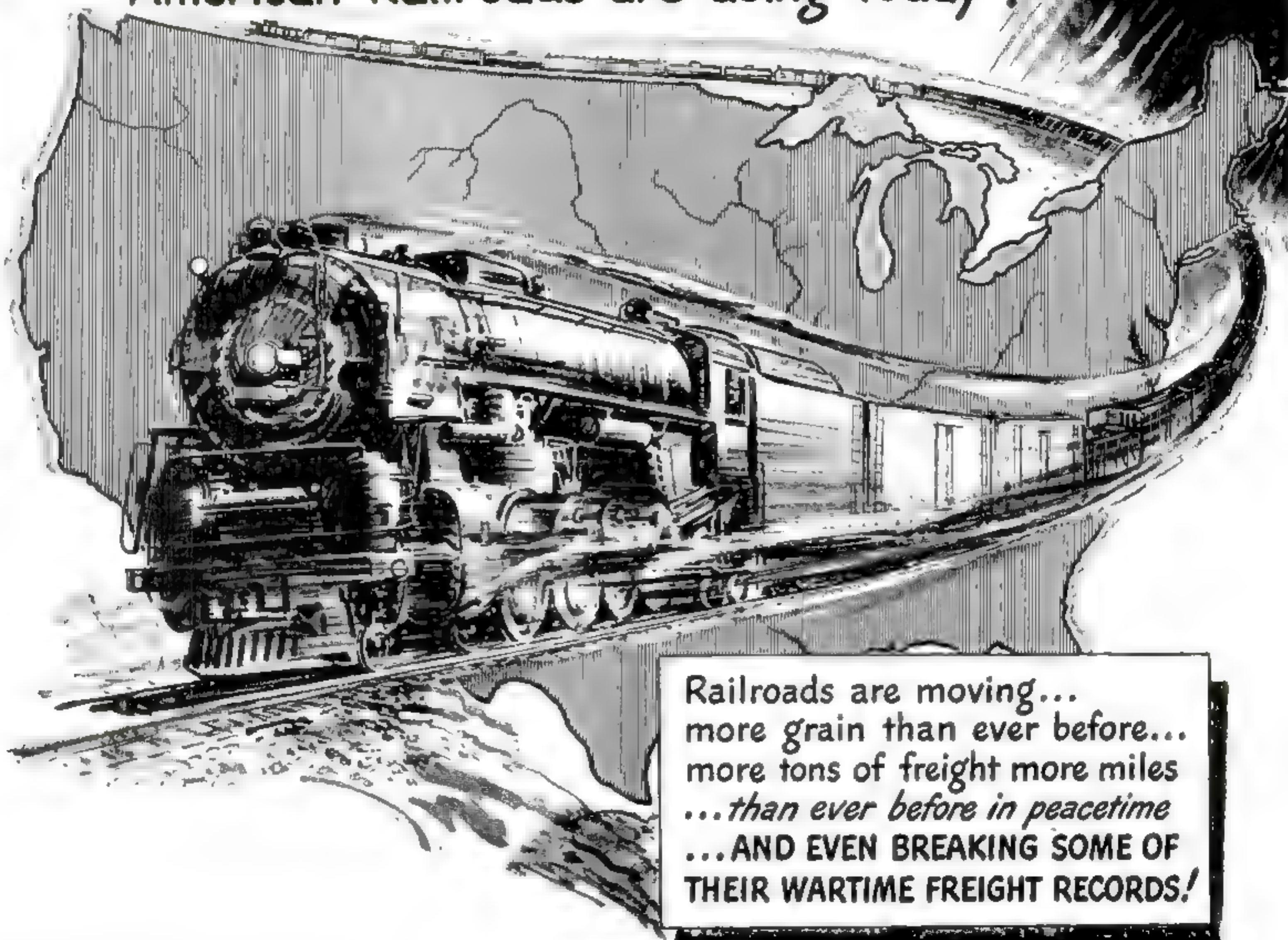


BLACKSMITH always stands by. The trotters and pacers usually make eight warm-up runs around the course before each race and frequently their shoes have to be reset. Because of their gait, trotters require front shoes double ordinary weight. For Roosevelt Raceway's 750 horses there are 12 blacksmiths.

Believe It or Not! by RIPLEY

A MILLION TONS ONE MILE EVERY MINUTE!

That's the size of the job
American Railroads are doing today!



Railroads are moving...
more grain than ever before...
more tons of freight more miles
...than ever before in peacetime
...AND EVEN BREAKING SOME OF
THEIR WARTIME FREIGHT RECORDS!

Your railroads are moving an almost unbelievable amount of freight across the nation. In the first four months of this year they topped even their wartime carloading records! And more tons of freight are moving more miles than ever before in peacetime!

Railroads are carrying this greater tonnage with fewer cars. Although thousands of new cars have been put in service, and 100,000 are still on order, they are not coming fast enough to replace those worn out in wartime.

This record-breaking volume of freight is being hauled at charges which average just a little more than one cent for carrying a ton of freight one mile. This is less than 15% above 1939 levels.

But railroad wages are more than 50% higher than in 1939. Fuel and material costs are 60% higher than before the war.

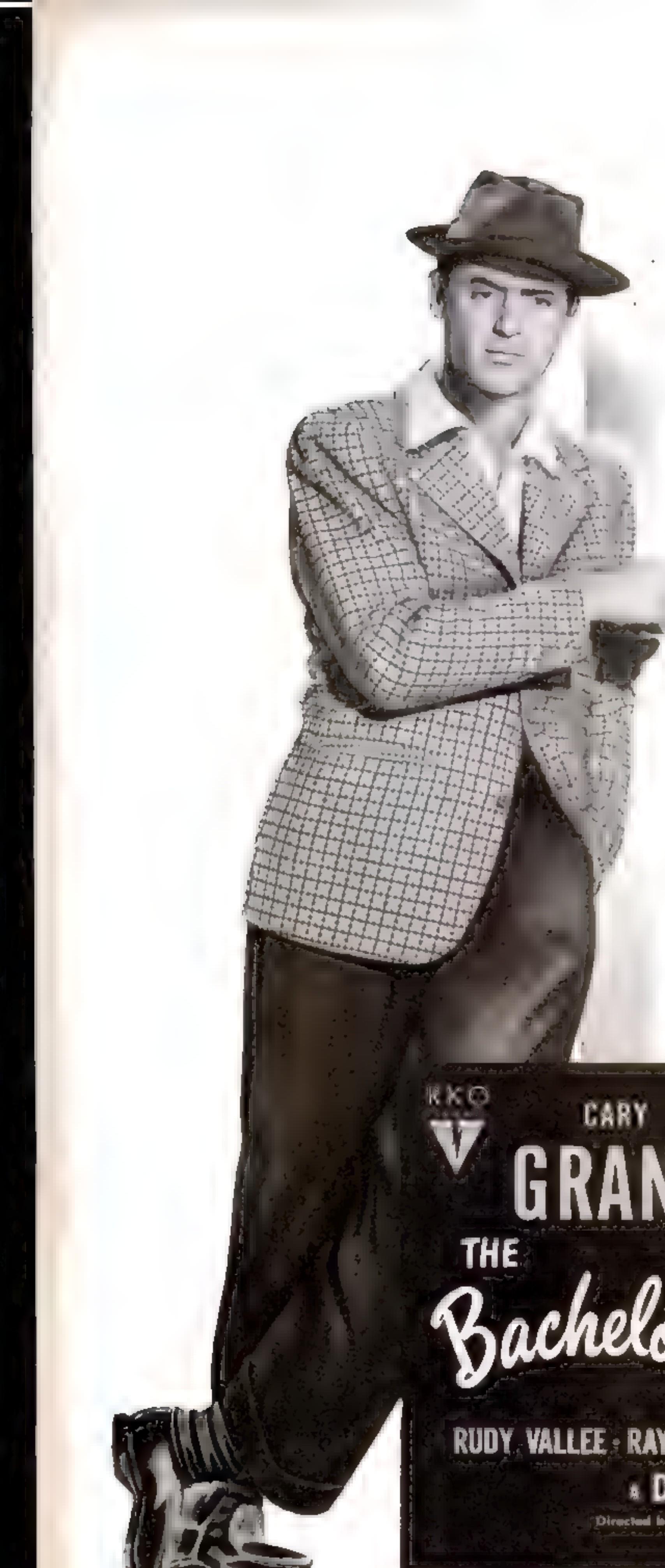
As a result, in this year of biggest peacetime business, railroads are earning an average return on their net investment of only about 3%.

That's just about half the earnings the railroads need if they are to keep on making the improvements in cars and engines, tracks and terminals, signals and shops, which will keep freight moving at a rate to meet the nation's needs...to bring better service to you!

*

Send for a free copy of the new booklet, "You and Your Railroads." Association of American Railroads, Room 950, Transportation Building, Washington 6, D. C.

AMERICAN RAILROADS
THE NATION'S BASIC TRANSPORTATION



*When Cary Rings
That Doorbell...!*

**LAUGHS WILL RING OUT
FROM COAST TO COAST!**



Cary loves Myrna. Myrna, a judge, sentences him to play the "hot rod" kid to cure her sister Shirley's infatuation. Go ahead, Cary...you take it from there!



RKO CARY MYRNA SHIRLEY

V GRANT • LOY • TEMPLE

THE

Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer

RUDY VALLEE • RAY COLLINS • HARRY DAVENPORT • JOHNNY SANDS

DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION

Directed by IRVING REIS • Original Story and Screenplay by SIDNEY SHELDON

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL NEW YORK



CONTRASTS IN TEEN-AGE CLOTHES ARE SHOWN BY BETTY BOUNDS (RIGHT), WEARING A DAINTY 1947 OUTFIT, WHILE BARBARA POSES IN SLOPPY GET-UP OF 1944 TEEN-AGER

TULSA TWINS

THEY SHOW HOW MUCH THE TEEN-AGE WORLD HAS CHANGED

In 1944, when Betty and Barbara Bounds, who are identical twins, entered Will Rogers High School in Tulsa, Okla., their clothes were sloppy, hot music was the rage and the general behavior of the teen-age world was somewhat footloose (*LIFE*, Dec. 11, 1944). Today the teen-age world of Betty and Barbara is entirely different. Their clothes are feminine and fastidious;

sweet music has replaced hot licks and the general tone of teen-age life is more decorous.

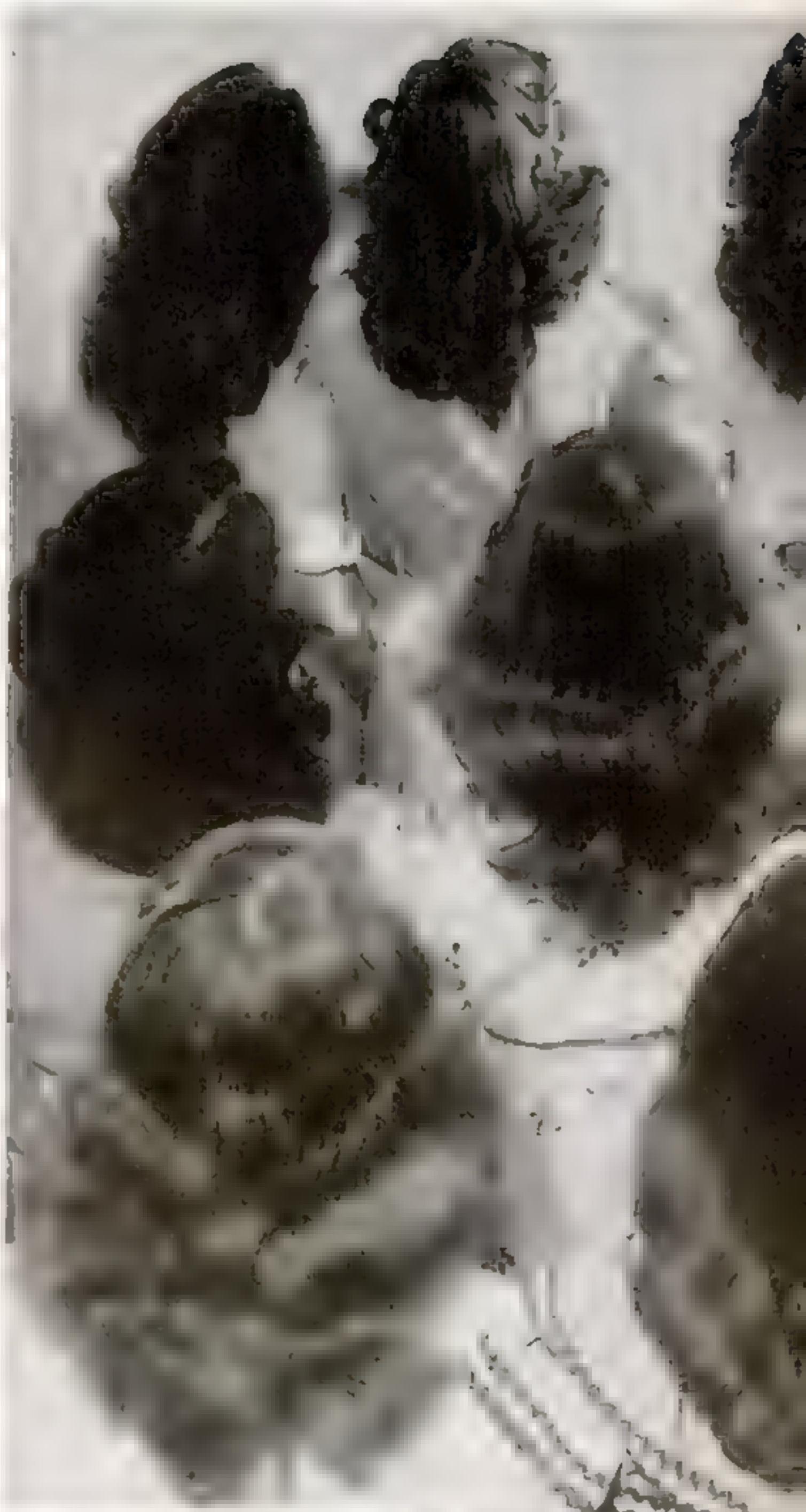
The reason for all this may be tied up with the U.S. transition to peace or merely an adolescent yen for something new. Either way the changes in the lives of the 17-year-old Bounds twins are, according to *LIFE* correspondents around the nation, typical of all U.S. teen-agers.

Mr. Bounds makes a comfortable enough living in the used-car business to give his daughters most of the things they want. With their primping and parties and the boys whose company they prefer to books, Betty and Barbara—nice girls and pretty girls to begin with—appear to be happy girls as well. To see more of them and their new teen-age world, turn the page.

TULSA TWINS CONTINUED



CHORES are receiving new respect, for 1947 teen-agers think of marriage much more seriously than their wartime equivalents did. Note the frilliness of Betty's shorts.



THEIR HAIR is what the girls like to fuss over most. Betty and Barbara and their friends wear it shoulder length and where the 1940 teen-ager rubbed her hair each



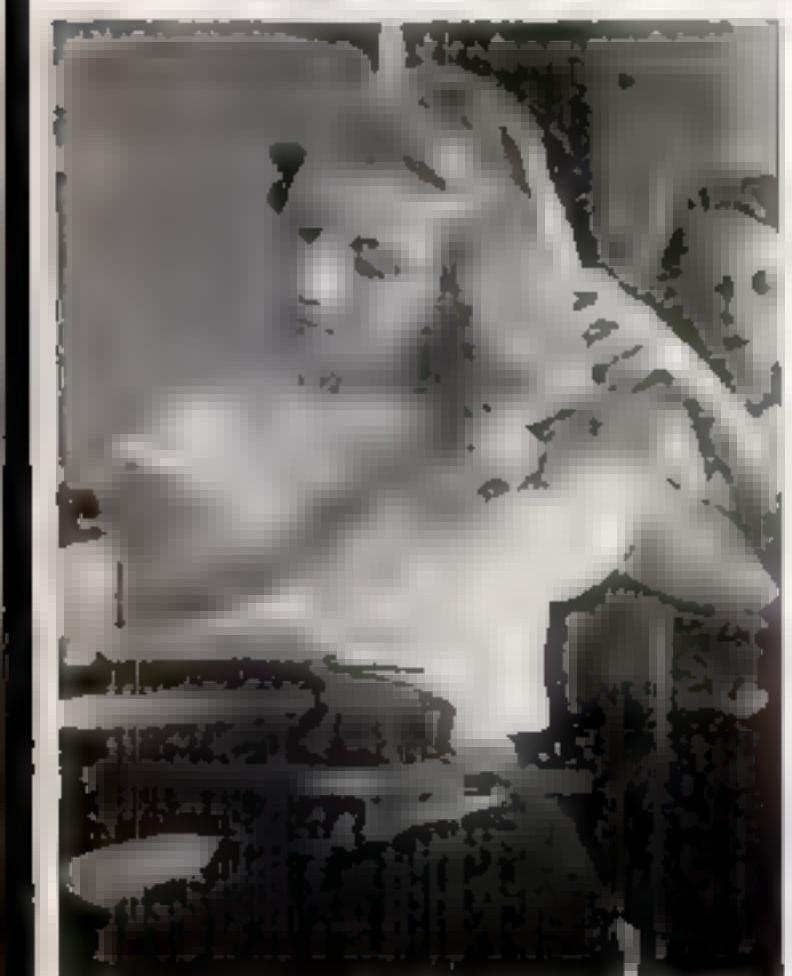
SUNGLASSES are touched up with dabs of nail polish to go with different ensembles.



ON STREET Barbara combs her hair absent-mindedly before shop window.



night, they have turned to using the comb. Hair is washed regularly at least once a week and combed everywhere and as often as the girl can manage to do it (*below*).



IN CLASS a comb appears, though Mrs. Post frowns at public primping.



ALWAYS HANDY, combs are often carried in socks. No girl is ever without one.



FINERY is inclined to be frilly, like this full-skirted evening dress of Betty's. Girls also consider it more feminine to wear flowers in their hair than on the shoulder.

TULSA TWINS CONTINUED



BILL CHAMBERS, 18, spent ten months as a marine, will go to University of Tulsa this September.



SAM RHOADES, 18, is now dating at home has been awarded football scholarship at Texas A. & M.



BOBBY COWAN, 17, owns a car, was a private in Marines, is returning to University of Tulsa next fall.



BILL WOOTEN, 18, has won a scholarship to Yale. The twins call him most faithful and attentive beau.



AT A PARTY, TEEN-AGERS OF THE BOUNDS TWINS' SET MUNCH DOUGHNUTS AND SIP COKES WHENEVER THEY

BOYS AND PARTIES
THEY ARE WHAT A GIRL THINKS MOST ABOUT



ARE NOT DANCING WITH SERIOUS FACES TO SENTIMENTAL MUSIC. AT RIGHT, BARBARA DANCES WITH JIMMY DICK

Three years ago LIFE reported that teen-age girls were a little cool toward boys. This was probably put on because so many boys were off in uniform. There is no shortage now, however, and girls like Betty and Barbara admit that boys and parties with boys are their favorite things

in life. While many girls have steady beaux, the twins play the field with the eight young men shown here. On most dates they forego the juke joint in favor of somebody's house, where they dance to records of dreamy tunes like *Night and Day*. Everyone is generally home by 12:30.



BILL BREISCH, 18, has a car, will enter Oklahoma A. & M. Twins say that his main hobby is "girls."



JIMMY BEALE, 18, who is also enrolled in Oklahoma A. & M., is working this summer as office boy.



JIM MCKENZIE, 19, was in Navy, returns to high school next year. The twins rate him "most fickle."



JIMMY DICK, 18, is best dancer and both girls' favorite. He has won football scholarship at Tulane.

TULSA TWINS CONTINUED



MOTOR SCOOTERS, like this one on which Buddy Vincent is giving Barbara a ride, have largely replaced jalopies in Tulsa. Although teen-age girls are more

romantic and less boisterous than they used to be, they still like to put on some old clothes—whizz around with boys—and even get a little grease on their hands.

ZACHARY SCOTT, starring in
"THE UNFAITHFUL"
A Warner Bros. Production
Makes magic with Bugs Bunny.

LIKE
MAGIC



Premium Sinclair Oil Gives Your Car More Power!

A rabbit out of a hat is standard magic, even when the rabbit is famous Bugs Bunny. More power out of your car is something you get with the magic performance of **premium** Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil.

Tests prove Opaline Motor Oil gives your car more power because it contains special chemicals developed by Sinclair to clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from the motor.

Premium Sinclair Opaline cleans as it lubricates. It gives your car more power—saves on gasoline and oil. Ask for **premium** Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.



1947, PREMIUM **SINCLAIR OPALINE** MOTOR OIL

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle





Time of
your life!

P. M.

That smart look!
Smooth bodice...
draped hipline ... 24 karat gold
leaf covered leather belt ...
perfect for many accessories. 100%
Virgin Wool in black, brown, grey,
aqua, red, green and royal blue. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$15.†

* 85% Virgin Wool, 5% Mink, 10% Animal Hair.
† Slightly higher on the West Coast.
Both fine fabrics by American Woolen Co.

. A. M.

That new look! Soft,
rounded shoulders . . .
debonair coachman's collar
. . . tiny waistline . . . full
skirt. Wool and Mink Blend,* in
natural only. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$18.†

EXCLUSIVELY YOURS . . . BERKELEY JUNIORS . . . A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

B. ALTMAN & CO. NEW YORK
HARVEY'S NASHVILLE

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY . . . CHICAGO
WOODWARD & LOTHROP WASHINGTON, D.C.

D. H. HOLMES CO., LTD. NEW ORLEANS
FREDERICK & NELSON . . . SEATTLE

FOR STORE IN YOUR CITY WRITE TO BERKELEY JUNIORS CO., INC., 1400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

A NEW PAINT CHECKS FIRE

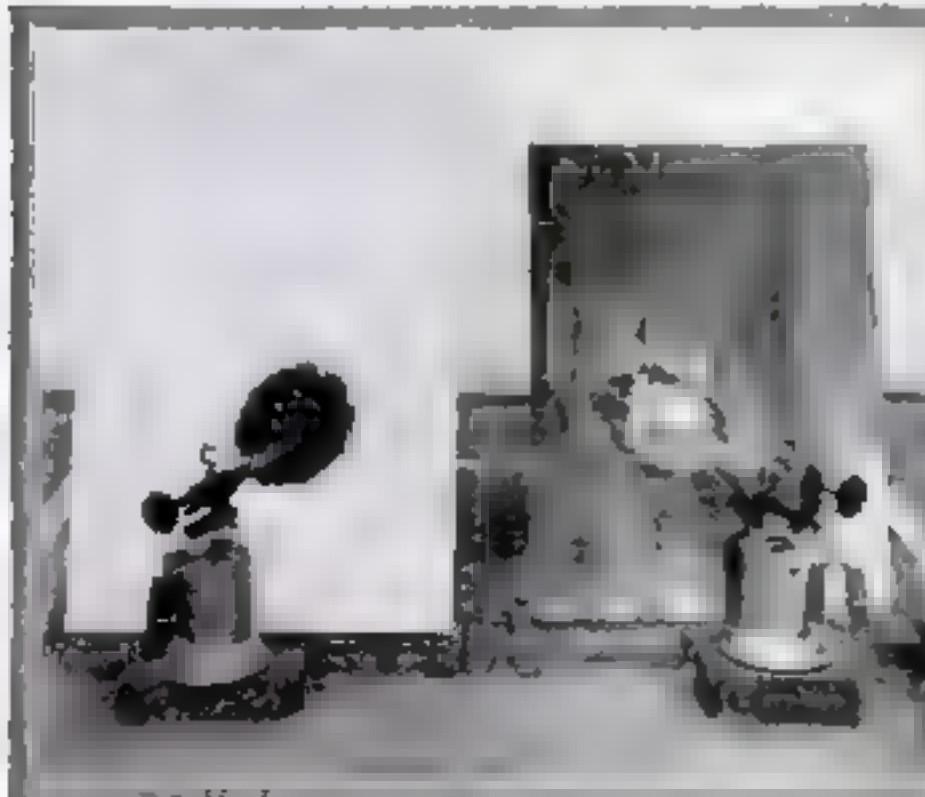
Easily applied chemical coating stops all but the fiercest flames

If all U.S. homes were lined with asbestos, the fires which destroy some \$110 million worth of them each year would never have a chance. Unfortunately such a solution is impractical, but a good substitute is a new fire-resistant paint called Albi-R, developed during the war by Harvard Chemists Grinnell Jones and Walter Juda (holding newspaper, right) for the Albi Chemical Corporation of New York. Up to this time used chiefly by U.S. Army Engineers, Albi-R is today being produced in sufficient quantities to provide fire-harassed hotel owners and home builders with a cheap, simple way to retard fires. It costs \$5.95 per gallon, which its makers say will cover more than 150 square feet. Packaged as two separate powders, Albi-R is mixed with water and applied by brush or spray to form a white coating. It is not washable but can be coated with ordinary paint to form a durable surface. So far it can be used most successfully on interior surfaces like walls, doors and ceilings.

When a flame touches something treated with Albi-R the compound begins to blister and puff up like a toasted marshmallow. This serves to insulate the treated surface against the flame and heat and also shuts out needed oxygen. When the fire has died out, the blackened coating can then be scraped off (below, center) and the area repainted.



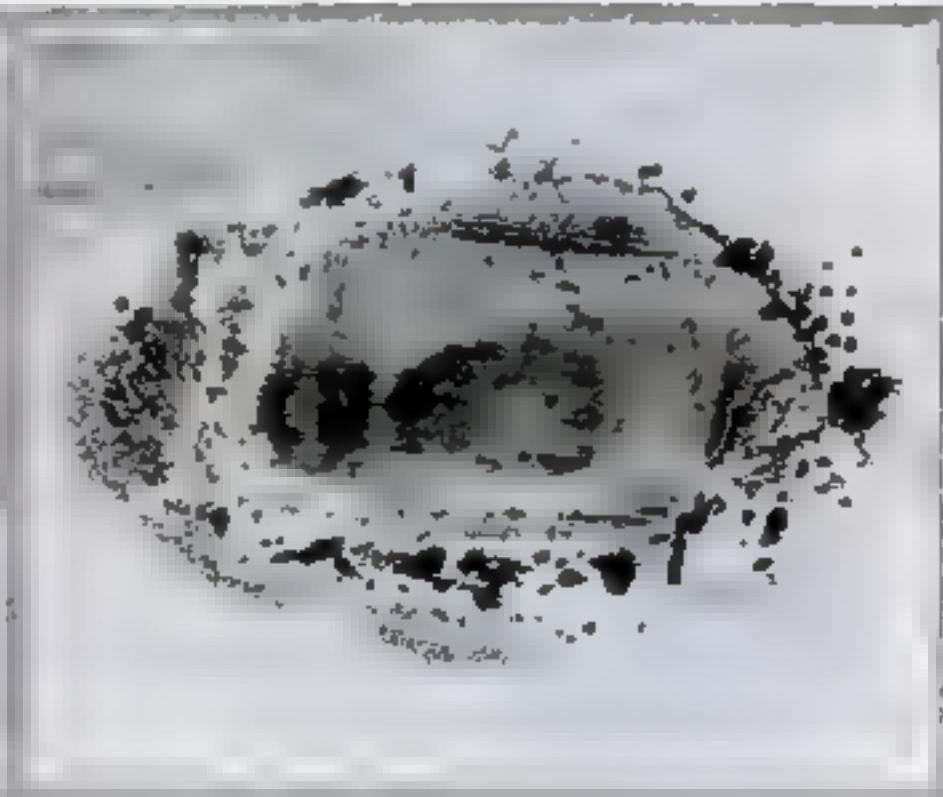
BLOWTORCH FLAME FAILS TO IGNITE A NEWSPAPER WHICH HAS BEEN PAINTED WITH ALBI-R COMPOUND



HOW PAINT WORKS is shown here. An untreated plank burns while a coated plank (left) merely blisters.



BLACK BLISTER formed by Albi-R when exposed to flame does not burn and can be scraped off after fire.



UNHARMED WOOD below the blister shows smudge which can be sanded off before wood is painted again.

Fire-Resistant Paint CONTINUED



Three-way distress calls for three-way relief. So when headache, upset stomach and jumpy nerves all hit at once, take Bromo-Seltzer. It fights ordinary headaches three ways:

1. Relieves pain of headache
 2. Relieves discomfort of upset stomach
 3. Quiets jumpy nerves
- all of which may team up to cause trouble.

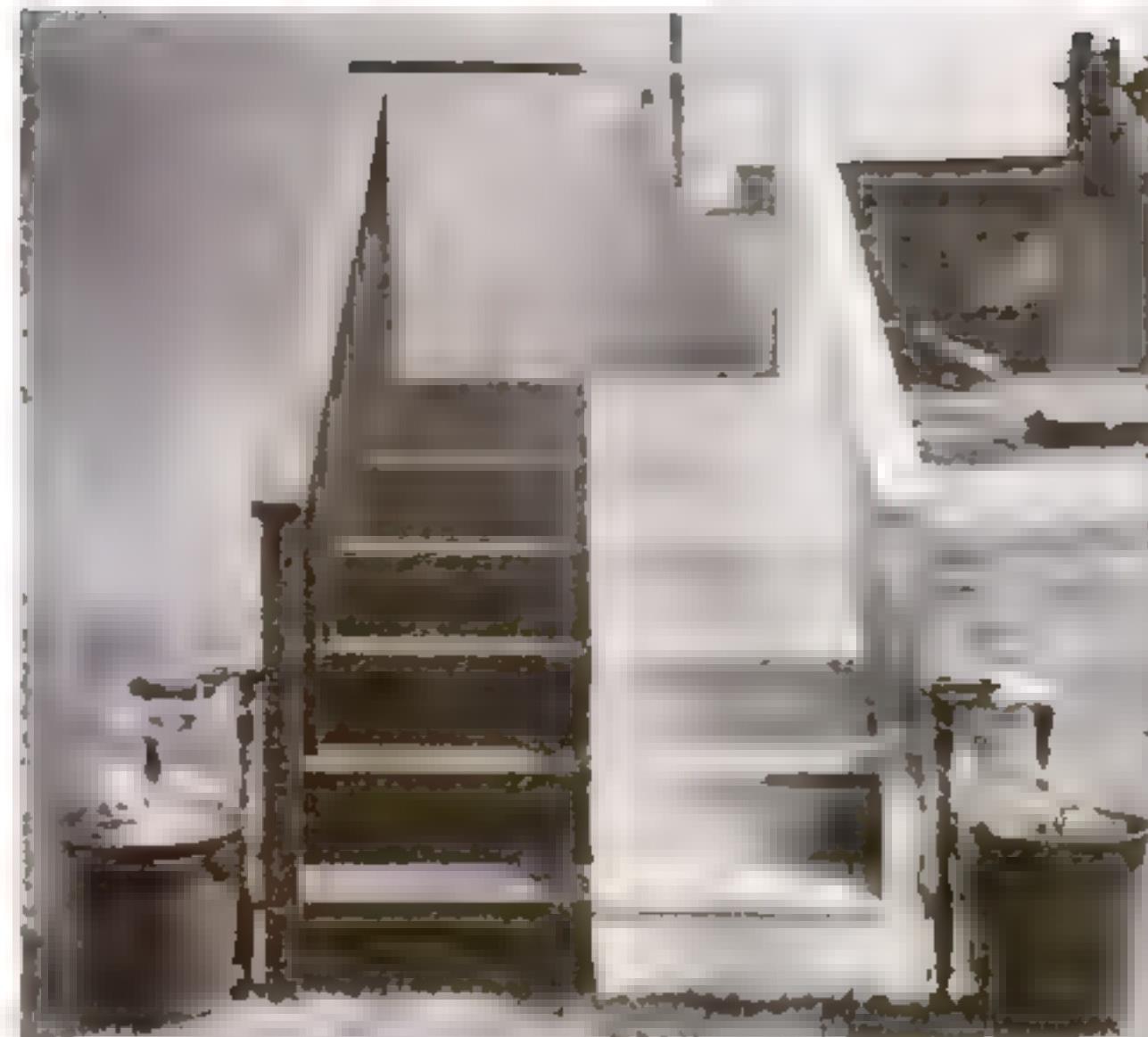
Simply put teaspoonful in a glass and add water. Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action... ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. Compounded in four convenient home sizes by registered pharmacists.



For **FAST** headache help,
BROMO-SELTZER

A DIVISION OF PARke-DALE COMPANY SINCE 1927



TEST OF PAINT is made by applying Albi-R to right half of stairs, leaving left half untreated. Fires are started simultaneously in two wastebaskets.



LEFT HALF OF STAIRWAY bursts into flame as the wastebasket fire licks upward. Albi-R coating protects right half of the stairs from catching fire.



BLAZE CONSUMES untreated half of stairs as fire continues to burn. Albi-R coating on the right half of stairs has blisters but the wood is unharmed.

FEEL TIRED? NO APPETITE?

*Read how thousands are using
a famous food drink to
help beat fatigue*

Frequently the appetite begins to decline at about age 30. But "keeping up" your strength, energy and spirits depends quite a bit on the foods you need to keep body tissues in repair.

A real aid in offsetting tissue wasting and fatigue is the pleasant daily habit of drinking two glasses of Horlicks Malted Milk in addition to your regular meals.

Horlicks provides, in easy-to-digest, quick-to-digest form, the kind of protein nature uses to repair "worn out" body tissues. Two glasses of this grand-tasting drink, in milk, gives average folks from 25 to 35% of their daily protein requirements. It also supplies nutrients quickly converted into food energy.

You'll get real enjoyment from the pleasant habit of drinking Horlicks, too. It makes a full-flavored, satisfying drink in milk or water, hot or cold. Enjoy it with your meals, between meals or as a relaxing bedtime drink. At all drug or food counters. Horlicks Corporation, Racine, Wisc.

PROVES WONDERFUL to promptly relieve misery and kill cause* of **ATHLETE'S FOOT**

Helps
Guard
Against
Re-Infection!



Here's a product that really does what it claims. It's a Doctor's wonderfully soothing yet powerfully medicated liquid called Zemo. First applications relieve itching and burning between cracked, peeling toes and aid healing. Zemo actually kills on contact the germs* that commonly cause and spread this trouble. That's why Zemo has such an amazing record of continuous success. First trial convinces. Buy Zemo at any druggist.

ZEMO

ZIPPO
FLINTS

—nothing beats
the quality of
ZIPPO tough
quick sparking flints
4 for 10¢
Fits most lighters
ASK YOUR DEALER

BY THE MAKERS OF
ZIPPO Windproof
BRADFORD, PA. LIGHTER



Welch
QUALITY 5 CANDIES



Get the most from your sleep — the luxurious comfort of an Englander Mattress!

Do you realize that a *faulty* mattress can actually *cause* fatigue and irritability? That proper mattress construction can make an enormous difference in your vitality and disposition?

ENGLANDER Mattresses are more than luxuriously comfortable. They are specifically designed to give *equal support* to *every part of your body*. On an ENGLANDER you relax blissfully and

completely — without subconscious muscle strain or tension. For only with complete relaxation can your body rebuild while you sleep... can you awake at peak vitality... feel refreshed, renewed... glad to greet the day!

Ask your dealer to show you mattresses by ENGLANDER, makers of the finest in bedding since 1895. With sound sleep so vital, don't compromise on less.

Englander Innerspring Mattresses and Matching Box Springs \$89.95 to \$29.75



ENGLANDER EQUALIZER, built into mattress, provides the level sleeping posture doctors urge. Prevents sagging spine, a frequent cause of backache, tension, chronic fatigue. You feel the difference the moment you lie on your ENGLANDER Mattress. New comfort. New relaxation. Gloriously refreshing sleep!

Englander
AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS
mattress

"Nice idea!"



© 1960 Pabst Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS
BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER



WALTER MITTY (DANNY KAYE) IS TRAPPED BY THE VILLAIN (BORIS KARLOFF, CENTER), WHO HAS ALREADY CAPTURED WALTER'S SWEETHEART (VIRGINIA MAYO)

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

A hammed-up film version of James Thurber's story has Danny Kaye as the timid soul with the heroic dreams

A classic American short story is *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, James Thurber's sketch of a timid, henpecked husband who has heroic daydreams of himself as a steel-nerved surgeon, a swashbuckling bomber pilot. As brought to the screen by Samuel Goldwyn, with Technicolor and a gluttonous helping of Danny Kaye, Mitty's dream life is highly entertaining. Two new dreams—river-boat gambler and cowboy—are on a par with Thurber's

old ones. But their excitement pales beside Mitty's real life, in which Boris Karloff tries to kill him and he wins a luscious blonde. This hammy invention makes *Mitty* a mixed blessing, for without a humdrum reality to contrast with the dreams, the delicate point of Thurber's story is lost and the movie becomes just another vehicle for Danny Kaye. Stopping at nothing to get a laugh, he goes through every bit of slapstick in the book (*above*).

James Thurber, a mild man, grows almost profane when he thinks of how his story, which is reprinted on page 91, has been corrupted. He calls the result *The Public Life of Danny Kaye* and is appalled by the star's songs in gibberish, the Dick Tracy plot and the traditional Goldwyn opulence of production. "It began to be bad with the first git-gat-gittle," he says. "If they'd spent one tenth the money, it would have been 10 times as good."

A WISE DOG feels it in his bones—

INTELLIGENCE
Keen

EYES
Bright

BONES
Strong

COAT
Dense

MUSCLES
Tough

DIGESTION
O. K.

CHARACTER
Faithful

RIN TIN TIN III

The Wonder Dog of the Screen is back! A new, greater Rin Tin Tin. Rin Tin Tin III is the star of PRC's new picture "The Return of Rin Tin Tin" . . . in glorious color.



All this nourishment IN **EVERY POUND OF GAINES!**



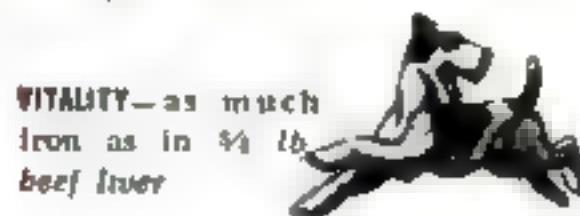
TO BUILD STRONG BODIES
—as much protein as
in 1 lb. beef



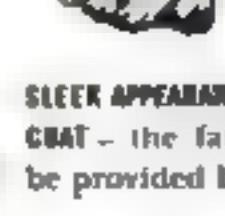
STRONG BONES AND TEETH
the minerals that
would be provided by
1½ lbs. cheese



ENERGY—as much carbo-
hydrates as in 2 qts.
milk or cereal



VITALITY—as much
iron as in ½ lb.
beef liver



SLEEK APPEARANCE AND GLOSSY
COAT—the fats that would
be provided by 1 oz. butter



PLUS ALL THE VITAMINS AND MINERALS
dogs are known to need—in
more than required quantities

For variety, try Gaines KRUNCHON, which is Gaines Meal compressed into crunchy pellets



A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

Copyright 1947 by General Foods Corp.

*For
All Dogs*

GAINES COMPLETE MEAL

"NOURISHES EVERY INCH OF YOUR DOG"



MITTY'S MOTHER IS BOSS IN THE FILM

James Thurber's Short Story

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. Little noticed at first, it caught on in wartime. Soldiers liked it so well that some of them formed Mitty Clubs, with "pocketa" as password.

© 1949 BY JAMES THURBER

WE'RE going through!" The Commander's voice was like thin ice breaking. He wore his full-dress uniform, with the heavily braided white cap pulled down rakishly over one cold gray eye. "We can't make it, sir. It's spoiling for a hurricane, if you ask me." "I'm not asking you, Lieutenant Berg," said the Commander. "Throw on the power lights! Rev her up to 8,500! We're going through!" The pounding of the cylinders increased: ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. The Commander stared at the ice forming on the pilot window. He walked over and twisted a row of complicated dials. "Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!" he shouted. "Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!" repeated Lieutenant Berg. "Full strength in No. 3 turret!" shouted the Commander. "Full strength in No. 3 turret!" The crew, bending to their various tasks in the huge, hurtling eight-engined Navy hydroplane, looked at each other and grinned. "The Old Man'll get us through," they said to one another. "The Old Man ain't afraid of Hell!" . . .

"Not so fast! You're driving too fast!" said Mrs. Mitty. "What are you driving so fast for?"

"Hmmm?" said Walter Mitty. He looked at his wife, in the seat beside him, with shocked astonishment. She seemed grossly unfamiliar, like a strange woman who had yelled at him in a crowd. "You were up to 55," she said. "You know I don't like to go more than 40. You were up to 55." Walter Mitty drove on toward Waterbury in silence, the roaring of the SN202 through the worst storm in 20 years of Navy flying fading in the remote, intimate airways of his mind. "You're tensed up again," said Mrs. Mitty. "It's one of your days. I wish you'd let Dr. Renshaw look you over."

Walter Mitty stopped the car in front of the building where his wife went to have her hair done. "Remember to get those overshoes while I'm having my hair done," she said. "I don't need overshoes," said Mitty. She put her mirror back into her bag. "We've been all through that," she said, getting out of the car. "You're not a young man any longer." He raced the engine a little. "Why don't you wear your gloves? Have you lost your gloves?" Walter Mitty reached in a pocket and brought out the gloves. He put them on, but after she had turned and gone into the building and he had driven on to a red light, he took them off again. "Pick it up, brother!" snapped a cop as the light changed, and Mitty hastily pulled on his gloves and lurched ahead. He drove around the streets aimlessly for a time, and then he drove past the hospital on his way to the parking lot.

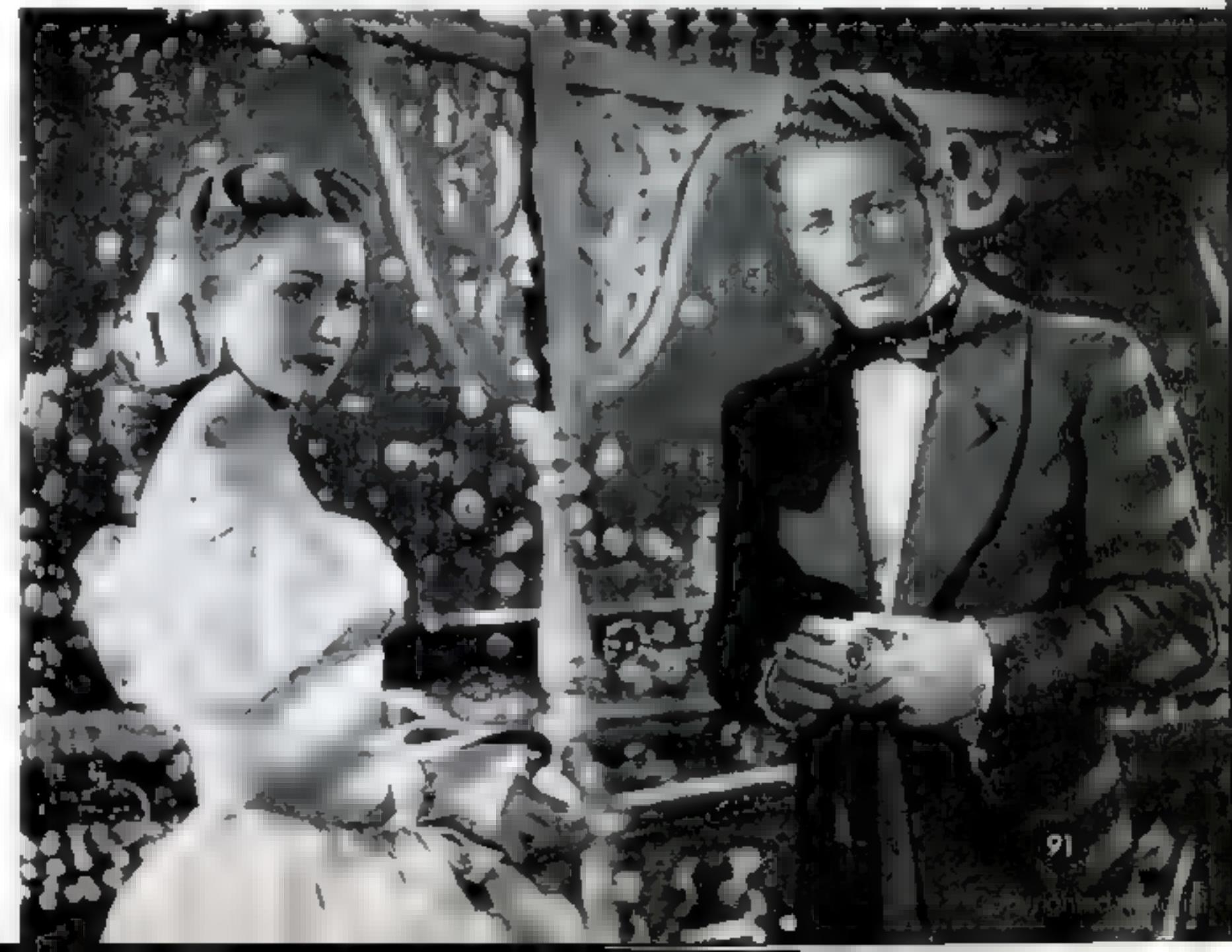
... "It's the millionaire banker, Wellington McMillan," said the pretty nurse. "Yes?" said Walter Mitty, removing his gloves slowly. "Who has the case?" "Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow, but there are two specialists here, Dr. Remington from New York and Mr. Pritchard-Mitford from London. He flew over." A door opened down a long, cool corridor and Dr. Renshaw came out. He looked distraught and haggard. "Hello, Mitty," he said. "We're having the



MITTY THE SEA DOG is skipper of a storm-tossed windjammer in the first dream. Girl, who later appears in Mitty's real life, comforts him after three sleepless days, then asks what is wrong with his dangling arm. Mitty replies nonchalantly, "It's broken, that's all."



MITTY THE FIGHTER PILOT (above) holds up four fingers to show admiring comrades how many German planes he bagged that day. Gambler dream shows Gaylord Mitty winning back the deed to the old plantation for girl just before leaving (below) to fight the Civil War.



"Me— a part-time widow?"

"Honey, I've been thinking about joining that new National Guard outfit."

"Who's been waving a flag at you?"

"Now, Betty, it's a man's duty—for one thing!"

"I didn't raise my husband to be a soldier."

"It's swell training—and I could learn some things that'd help me move up faster at the office, too."

"Yes?"

"It's only one evening a week—and a full day's Regular Army pay every time!"

"What does that make me? A part-time widow!"



"No, ma'am! Have yourself a time with the gals—or come to the Armory. There's a club for wives, too."

"Sounds fun."

"It's extra money, Honey—in my old grade, \$200 a year plus. Pay all our insurance!"

"A washing machine . . . a new range . . . yum, yum!"

"The 'boss' is all for it, too."

"Tell me more."

"An extra two weeks for summer training—and the company will make up the difference in my pay."

"And we'd be giving something *personal* toward peace—and permanent?"

"Absolutely!"

"My man!"

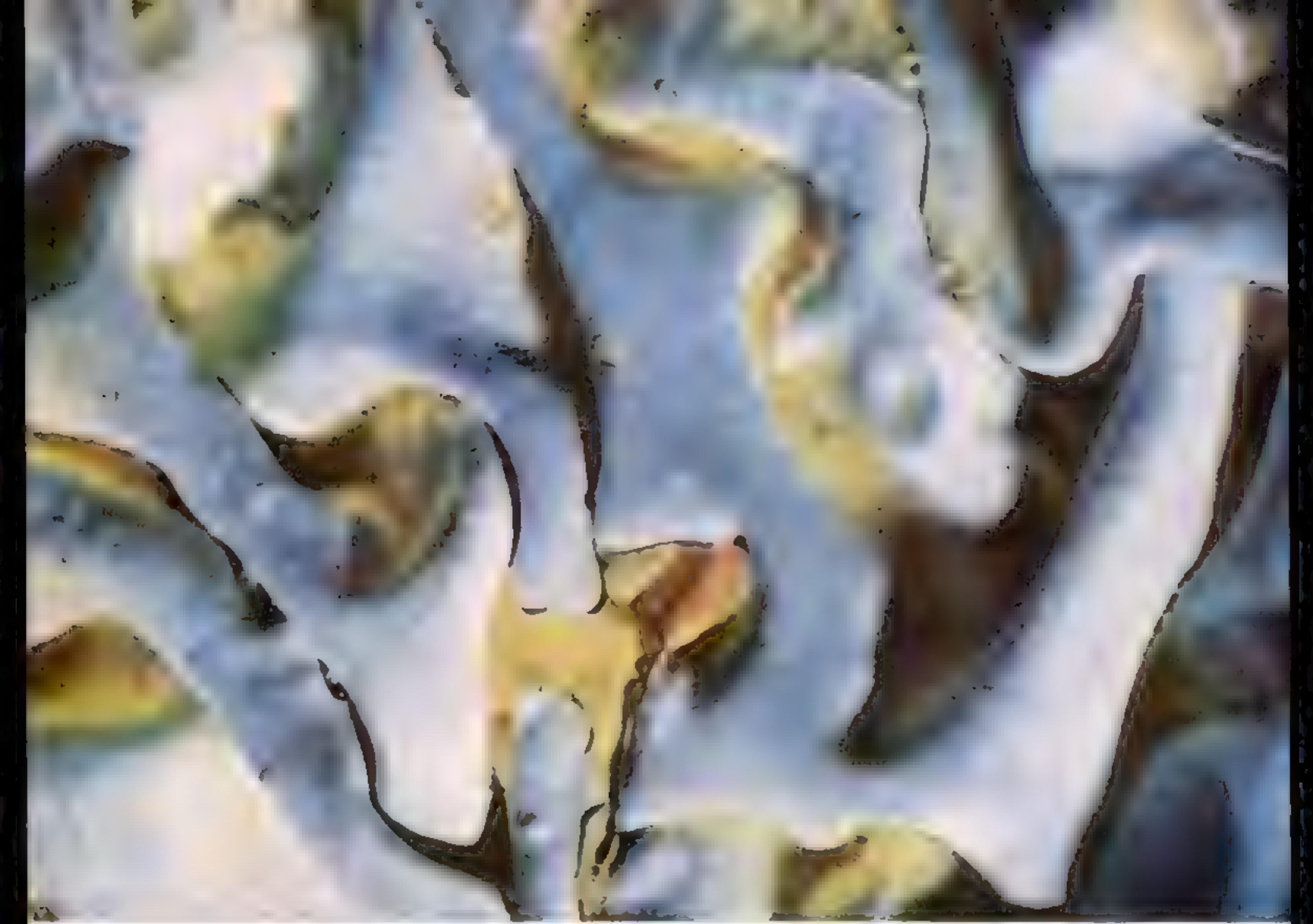
* Listen to the "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, Wednesdays, 8:30 P.M., EDST, ABC Network.

The new National Guard is a Federally supervised force raised by the states. Strength, composition, training and efficiency are under direction of officers picked by the War Department. There are National Guard units throughout America, in Hawaii and Puerto Rico. "Your National Guard helps guard the peace."

For full information about the new National Guard, contact the officers of your local unit, or write the Adjutant General in the capital city of your state.

The National Guard

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what your doctor wants you to know about penicillin

**the war-born miracle drug
of so many and varied uses**

Penicillin is a mold, very much like the molds that grow on bread and on cheese. Penicillin does not actually destroy germs and bacteria. It does, however, inhibit the ability of susceptible germs to grow and multiply.

Of all the so-called "miracle drugs" penicillin has enjoyed the greatest publicity and the widest public esteem. And it has earned them. Penicillin is the recommended drug for a long list of infections of many kinds and varieties—staphylococci, gonococci, streptococci, pneumococci. Gas gangrene, many kinds of wound infections, burns, carbuncles, Vincent's infection, styes, bone infections—respond to penicillin. It is recommended in cases of mastoids, sinus, anthrax,

It helps prevent secondary infections in tonsil and tooth removal. And there are many other uses.

There are some cases, of course, where penicillin is of no value—the early stages of the common cold, virus infections, malaria, cancer, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis. For, in spite of its reputation as a miracle drug, penicillin is not a "cure-all."

In the hands of a skilled physician, penicillin is a priceless weapon to control and conquer many diseases. Your doctor prescribes for you the proper type in the proper proportions for your own specific ailment. Never resort to self-dosage of pen. Don't use up an old prescription. Such self-dosage may be dangerous.

Remember, your doctor is the most important guardian of your health. Consult him when you are ill. Follow his directions implicitly. Have his prescriptions filled at a reliable pharmacy.



Rexall Drug Company makes a complete line of safe, ordinary pharmaceutical products seen only at drug stores bearing the Rexall name.

*Rexall Drug Company manufactures the
Acetanilid, Aspirin, Bromo Salicylate, Ethyl
Chlorophenol, Gasoline, Gasoline Thinner,
Gasoline Thinners, Gasoline Thinners
and Gasoline Thinners.*



"Walter Mitty" CONTINUED

'Puppy biscuit' to himself," Walter Mitty hurried on. He went into an A. & P., not the first one he came to but a smaller one farther up the street. "I want some biscuit for small, young dogs," he said to the clerk. "Any special brand, sir?" The greatest pistol shot in the world thought a moment. "It says 'Puppies Bark for It' on the box," said Walter Mitty.

His wife would be through at the hairdresser's in 15 minutes, Mitty saw in looking at his watch, unless they had trouble drying it; sometimes they had trouble drying it. She didn't like to get to the hotel first; she would want him to be there waiting for her as usual. He found a big leather chair in the lobby, facing a window, and he put the overshoes and the puppy biscuit on the floor beside it. He picked up an old copy of *Liberty* and sank down into the chair. "Can Germany Conquer the World Through the Air?" Walter Mitty looked at the pictures of bombing planes and of ruined streets.

... "The cannonading has got the wind up in young Raleigh, sir," said the sergeant. Captain Mitty looked up at him through tousled hair. "Get him to bed," he said wearily. "With the others. I'll fly alone." "But you can't, sir," said the sergeant anxiously. "It takes two men to handle that bomber and the Archies are pounding hell out of the air. Von Richtman's circus is between here and Saulier." "Somebody's got to get that ammunition dump," said Mitty. "I'm going over. Spot of brandy?" He poured a drink for the sergeant and one for himself. War thundered and whined around the dugout and battered at the door. There was a rending of wood and splinters flew through the room. "A bit of a near thing," said Captain Mitty carelessly. "The box barrage is closing in," said the sergeant. "We only live once, Sergeant," said Mitty, with his faint, fleeting smile. "Or do we?" He poured another brandy and tossed it off. "I never see a man could hold his brandy like you, sir," said the sergeant. "Begging your pardon, sir." Captain Mitty stood up and strapped on his huge Webley-Vickers automatic. "It's 40 kilometers through hell, sir," said the sergeant. Mitty finished one last brandy. "After all," he said softly, "what isn't?" The pounding of the cannon increased; there was the rat-tat-tatting of machine guns, and from somewhere came the menacing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the new flame-throwers. Walter Mitty walked to the door of the dugout humming "Auprès de Ma Blonde." He turned and waved to the sergeant. "Cheerio!" he said. . . .

Something struck his shoulder. "I've been looking all over this hotel for you," said Mrs. Mitty. "Why do you have to hide in this old chair? How did you expect me to find you?" "Things close in," said Walter Mitty vaguely. "What?" Mrs. Mitty said. "Did you get the what's-its-name? The puppy biscuit? What's in that box?" "Overshoes," said Mitty. "Couldn't you have put them on in the store?" "I was thinking," said Walter Mitty. "Does it ever occur to you that I am sometimes thinking?" She looked at him. "I'm going to take your temperature when I get you home," she said.

They went out through the revolving doors that made a faintly derisive whistling sound when you pushed them. It was two blocks to the parking lot. At the drugstore on the corner she said, "Wait here for me. I forgot something. I won't be a minute." She was more than a minute. Walter Mitty lighted a cigaret. It began to rain, rain with sleet in it. He stood up against the wall of the drugstore, smoking, . . . He put his shoulders back and his heels together. "To hell with the handkerchief," said Walter Mitty scornfully. He took one last drag on his cigaret and snapped it away. Then, with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last.



"SLIM" MITTY, the toughest hombre west of the Pecos, appears in movie's final dream. He saves his girl from villain in a gun fight.



RETURNS TO TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE

Proudly displaying new beauty, new luxuries and new facilities for the enjoyment of shipboard life, the QUEEN MARY now resumes express passenger service between New York and Europe. Reaffirming all that identifies the Cunard White Star tradition — staffed by men born to an understanding of Cunard White Star ideals . . . the QUEEN MARY returns from her years of distinguished wartime duty when she transported more than three quarters of a million Allied personnel, and once more provides the comfort, the superb cuisine and the unobtrusive personal attention so thoroughly associated with her name.

Together in luxury passenger service for the first time, the QUEEN MARY and the QUEEN ELIZABETH, the largest and fastest liners in the world, will now sail alternately each week from New York, providing the swift and dependable schedules for which they were designed.

New York to Europe

QUEEN MARY to Southampton, Aug. 8, 27, Sept. 11, 26, Oct. 11, 25

QUEEN ELIZABETH to Southampton, Aug. 1, 16, Sept. 3, 18, Oct. 3, 18

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The British tradition distinguishes
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New Scientific Discovery Kills Hundreds of Home Odors!

To Kill that Odor, just...

NIL that Odor!

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ENDS EMBARRASSING COOKING ODORS!

TAKES "B.O." OUT OF COATS FAST!

KILLS TOILET BOWL ODORS INSTANTLY

TAKE SMOKE, OTHER ODORS, OUT OF UPHOLSTERY

EASY TO DEODORIZE USED DIAPERS

ENDS GARBAGE ODOR WITH DAILY SPRAYING

DESTROYS PET ODORS QUICKLY, EASILY

Utterly New Kind of Odorless Deodorant Spray Completely Destroys These Embarrassing Household and Pet Odors—Quickly, Safely, Easily:

TAKES "B.O." OUT OF CLOTHING!
Spray lightly underarm area of coats, dresses, sweaters. Spray girdles, too. NIL reduces cleaning bills.

MEN CAN ACTUALLY WEAR SHIRTS 3 DAYS or longer without odors. Spray shirt armpits with NIL daily.

EMBARRASSING KITCHEN ODORS!
Get them out quickly!—with a few swift sprays of NIL. A spray in air eliminates odors of fish, cauliflower, cabbage, onions, burned food!—spray upholstery, drapes—removes "cooking smell" from them, too!

EVEN DIAPER ODORS DISAPPEAR after a NIL treatment! Every time you remove a wet diaper, spray it with NIL before putting it in can or bag. No sour, "diaper-ish" odor around your house. Grandmother: buy or send, for grandchild's nursery.

OTHER NURSERY ODORS, TOO! If child vomits or breaks training, spray NIL on soiled bedclothes or garments after removal. If child wets bed, NIL the sheet after removal; spray NIL on mattress and turn mattress over!

A CLEAN, ODORLESS TOILET BOWL is a sign of a fastidious housewife. Just spray NIL on and in bowl once a day, or as needed.

MILDEW ODORS EASY TO KILL NOW! Simply spray mildewed cloth, paper or other material and spray spot where it has been!

FRESHEN MUSTY BASEMENTS! Just spray on walls, floors, or directly on areas where odors originate.

MUSTY CLOTHES CLOSETS lose their odors in a few seconds! Use a light NIL mist on walls and clothes in

closets. Results are immediate.

ODORS IN UPHOLSTERY and drapes caused by pets, spilled drinks, tobacco smoke, cooking odors, etc., vanish when fabric is sprayed lightly with NIL.

DOG OWNERS AMAZED with NIL's fast action in keeping homes free of animal odors. Spray NIL where dog lies or sleeps. Spray or dampen dog, or apply with plastic or rubber comb. If animal commits a nuisance, spray affected spot to deodorize rug, floor, upholstery, etc. Special blessing to dog, cat and other animal lovers in apartments!

NO MORE SMELLY GARBAGE CAN! Just spray the garbage in can daily—also spray inside, before and after washing out can.

STOPS SINK AND SEWER ODORS fast, with only a spoonful poured in the drain. Allow to stand a few minutes for best results.

SO MANY OTHER ODORS! Clothes-hamper odors: just spray in hamper as dirty clothes accumulate; odors in car: treat like home upholstery and rugs; bird-cage odors: spray paper in cage-bottom; trailer odors: spray drapes, rugs, upholstery, toilet. Read the NIL label! —for easy directions to kill any common home odor!

HOW YOU CAN GET NIL, if your dealer is not yet stocked: Mail \$1.00 today for your pint bottle and sprayer (\$1.00 includes postage and handling costs). Simply write name and address in margin of this page, place in envelope with \$1.00 and mail to Skinner Mfg. Co., 1345 Jackson St., Omaha, Neb.

DEALERS! Write today for name of your nearest NIL distributor. Survey shows average NIL use almost half-bottle monthly, with rapid repeat and high satisfaction.

Keep a Bottle in the Kitchen—Keep a Bottle in the Bathroom—Available at Leading Grocery, Drug, and Department Stores and Pet Shops Everywhere

NIL that Odor!

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DRUG DIVISION, SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, NEBR., COPR., 1947

Why We Say NIL is a Really TRUE DEODORANT:

1. It quickly destroys (oxidizes) objectionable home odors. NIL is patented. No other is like NIL.
 2. It does not merely "mask" an odor with another odor.
 3. It is completely odorless—has no odor, leaves no odor.
- For Mist, Spray with Quick, Hard Strokes.



BIOLOGIST VERNON C. APPLEGATE HOLDS ALLOFT A BIG LAKE HURON TROUT WHICH HAS AN 18-INCH SEA LAMPREY STILL TENACIOUSLY FASTENED TO ITS SIDE

SEA LAMPREY MENACE

Experts fight lake parasite that sucks fish blood

The lamprey is a primitive kind of fish with a flexible skeleton of cartilage and a nightmarish sucker lined with teeth (right). By clamping the sucker on the side of another fish, the lamprey files a hole through its scales and drinks its blood. Although there are smaller fresh-water lampreys which are peaceful natives of U.S. lakes and streams, a bigger immigrant, the sea lamprey, has become a menace to other fishes. In 1921 a few sea lampreys made their way into Lake Erie, detouring around Niagara Falls by way of the Welland Canal. Since then they have migrated into Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, feeding principally on thin-scaled lake trout. Between 1939 and 1946 the sea lampreys' voracious appetite cut the U.S. trout catch in Lake Huron from 1,345,000 pounds a year to 41,000.

Hoping to control the lamprey, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service is studying its breeding habits. In spring thousands of lampreys go up the streams which flow into the Great Lakes, laying their eggs in nests of stones they have moved into place with their suckers. When the larvae hatch, they float downstream to live in mud flats around the lakes. Somewhere in this cycle may be a weak spot where the numbers of lampreys can be cut down. Another way to control lampreys may be to find a market for them. The Fish and Wildlife Service is studying the possibility that lampreys may be a rich source of Vitamin D.



LAMPREY'S SUCKER is like a rubber sink plunger combined with a circular saw. Teeth and the filelike tongue at the bottom of mouth cut through other fishes' scales.



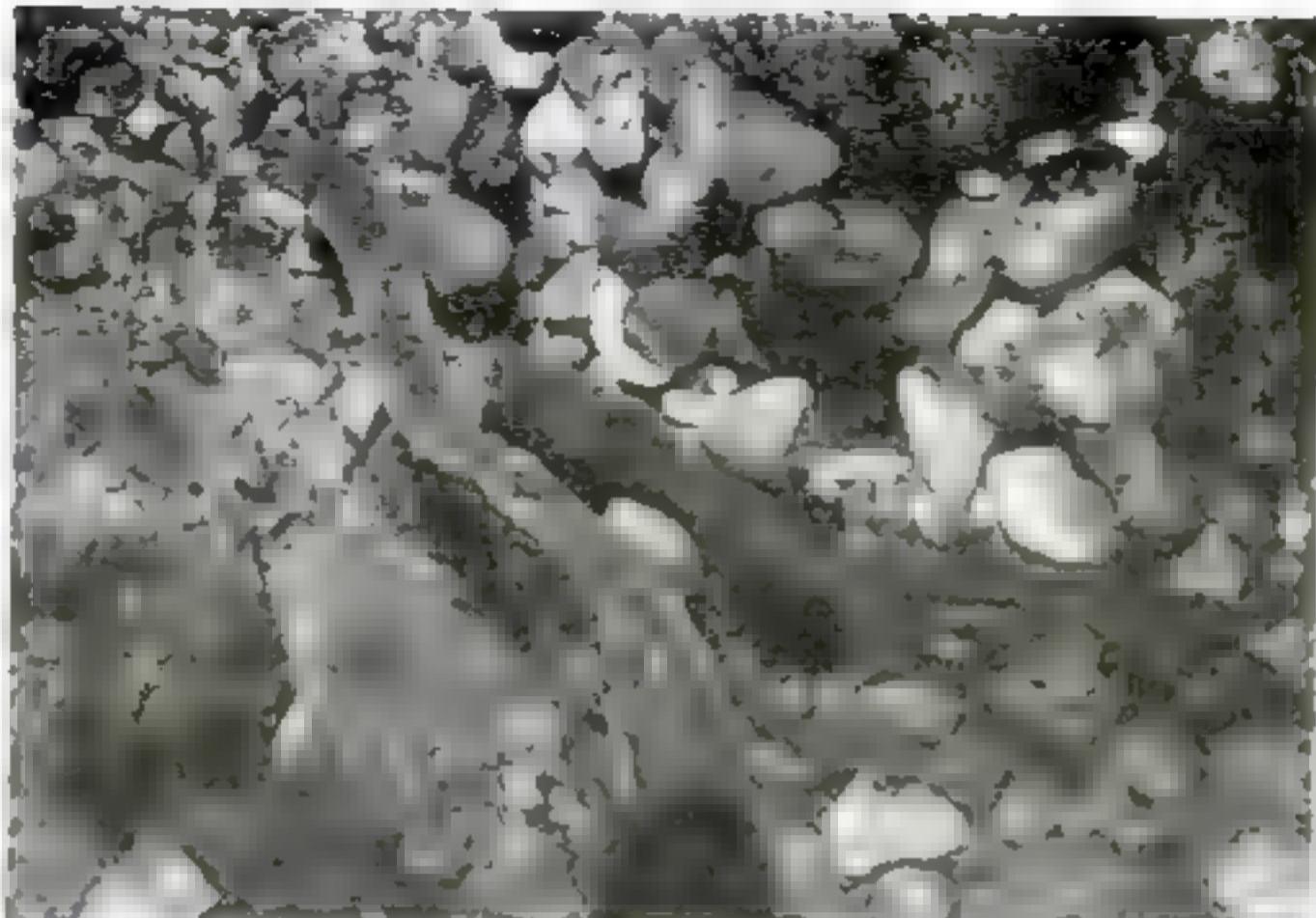
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Tough-film PENNZOIL gives all engines
 an extra margin of safety

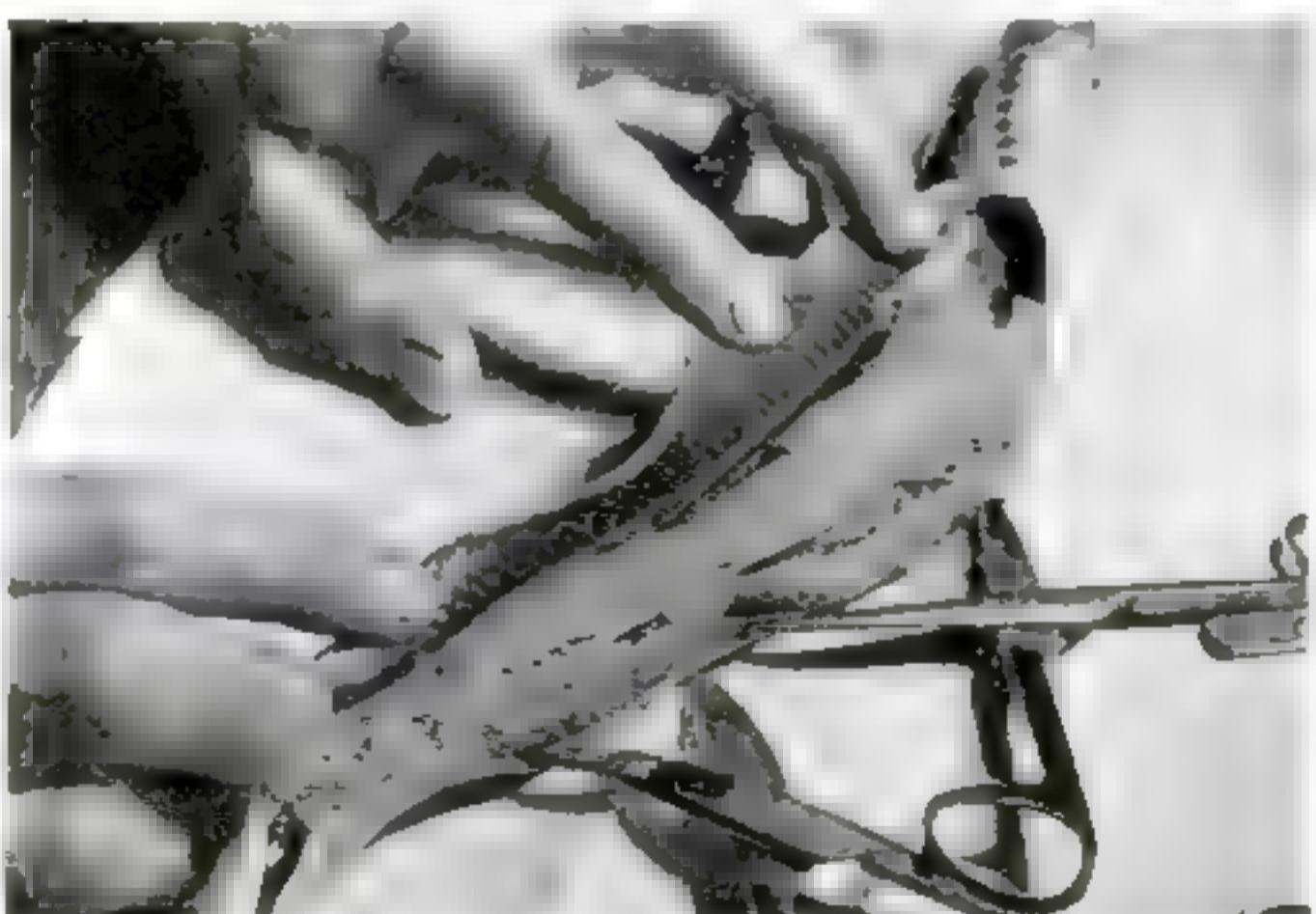
Sea Lamprey Menace CONTINUED



LAMPREYS SPAWN in the Ocqueoc River, a little stream which flows into Lake Huron. Both the male and female lampreys hold on to stones with suckers.



LAMPREYS ARE COUNTED by Biologist Applegate (right) and Dr. John van Oosten of Fish and Wildlife Service. The lampreys are trapped in a weir.



LAMPREY EGGS are counted by Biologist Applegate for latest estimate on the Great Lakes lamprey population. One female lamprey can lay 75,000 eggs.

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 PREPARATION
 FOR SHAVING**

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**For the 1 man in 7
 who shaves daily**

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NO BRUSH

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Glider protects your face while you shave. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting whiskers close and clean without scraping or irritating. Quick, easy to use. Needs no brush—not sticky or greasy.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

You can get Glider at any toilet-goods counter. Or we'll be glad to mail you a guest-size tube—enough for three full weeks—absolutely free. Just send your name and address to the J. B. Wilhams Co., Dept. LG-16, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

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 FOR
 SUMMER
 TEETHING**



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

**DR. HAND'S
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Just rub it on the gums



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- The high favor in which Websters are held by discriminating smokers is a tribute to their constant quality. The taste never varies, the blend is never changed. Last year you smoked 75,000,000 of these mellow, mild cigars. We expect to provide 90,000,000 this year. Sold wherever fine cigars are sold.

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EXECUTIVE AMERICA'S TOP CIGAR

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A PRODUCT OF THE WEBSTER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK



"Quest for Fortune," original oil painting by Claude Buck

Out of California come reports of a rare treat in beer...

To every corner of America...the hundreds of thousands of men and women in the Armed Forces and civilians who were on the West Coast during wartime have carried word about a truly great beer brewed in California. They miss its distinctive light quality...its satisfying refreshment.

No wonder...for it was Acme that set the beer pace for America after Repeal...by brewing the first light, dry beer. Acme quickly became the



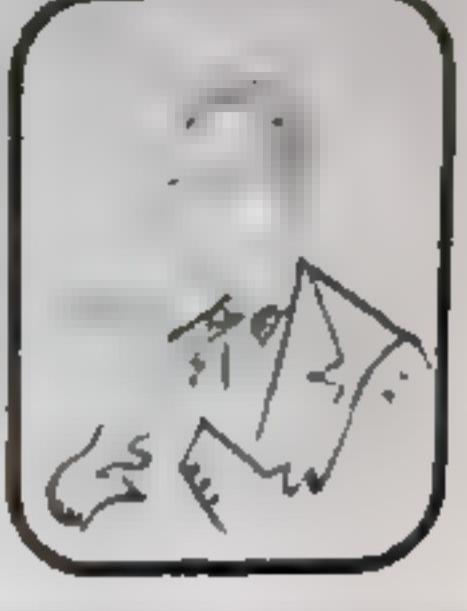
West's best seller. In proportion to California population served, Acme enjoys a greater popularity than any other major brand in the country.

When our breweries are enlarged, we hope to be able to supply those who came West and "discovered" Acme. Meantime, if you wish to enjoy Acme Beer, remember that it affords another reason for planning a return visit to the Pacific Coast!

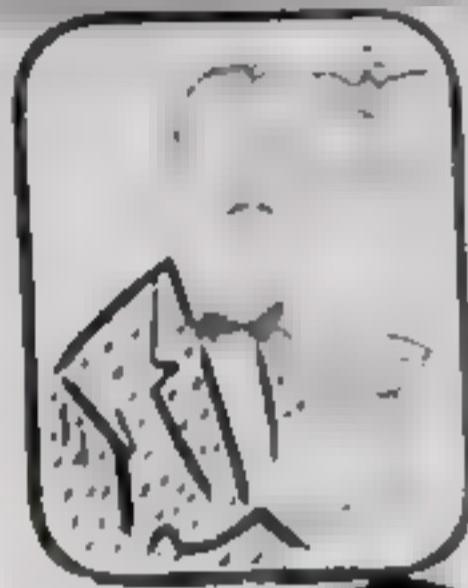
ACME BREWERIES — San Francisco - Los Angeles

Fine Beers

Since 1860



• THE MEN OF DISTINCTION •



"DUKE BOX" MEMBERS (FROM LEFT) ARE VASILLI ADLERBERG, SERGE OBOLENSKY, JAY RUTHERFURD, HOST ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE, CRAIG MITCHELL, ALAJALOV

Life Goes on a Southampton Weekend

Five socialite "bachelors" use an old cow barn on a Long Island estate to entertain their friends

The facetiously self-titled "men of distinction" in the picture above are probably the most unusual summer hosts on the eastern seaboard. They comprise an interesting mixture of former Russian nobles and New York socialites, artists and bankers whose "bachelor" quarters on the Duke estate in Southampton, N.Y., have become a gathering place for Long Island's beach society. Owner of the estate is Angier Biddle Duke (*above, fourth from left*), great-grandson of Washington Duke, founder of the great tobacco empire, and cousin of Doris Duke Cromwell. He turned over his old

garage and cow barn to the group, who scrubbed, painted and partitioned them into gay apartments. Among the occupants are Count Vasilli ("Vava") Adlerberg, former officer in the Russian Imperial Guard, now consultant on decor for a U.S. hotel chain, and Prince Serge Obolensky, another hotel man, who was once married to a daughter of the czar, but now, as a U.S. citizen, is friendly with Andrei Gromyko. The others are Jay Rutherford, vice president of the Duke International Corp., Craig Mitchell, son of Charles E. Mitchell, former president of the powerful National City

Bank of New York, and Constantin Alajalov, *New Yorker* cover artist whose sprightly murals decorate their quarters, known as the "Duke Box." Each weekend their little colony is the focal point of al-fresco luncheons and cocktail parties where Southamptons can rub each others' elegant elbows. Ordinarily the day is not complete without a swim from the beach which fronts the ocean nearby or a formal dinner party at the main house, where Mr. Duke and his second wife, the former Margaret Screeven White Tuck, and his son "Pony" reside. For a typical day at the Dukes', turn page.



OUTDOOR SUNDAY BREAKFAST is a popular ritual with the residents of the Duke Box. While Artist Alajalov serves others read the papers. In center is Mrs. Eric Fawcett, daughter of Auto Manufacturer Joseph Fawcett.



SIGNING THE GUEST BOOK is Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill Russell while Broker Milton Holden looks on.



ALAJALOV PAINTS imitation shrub on a wall to make the plant appear as if it were growing from real flower box.

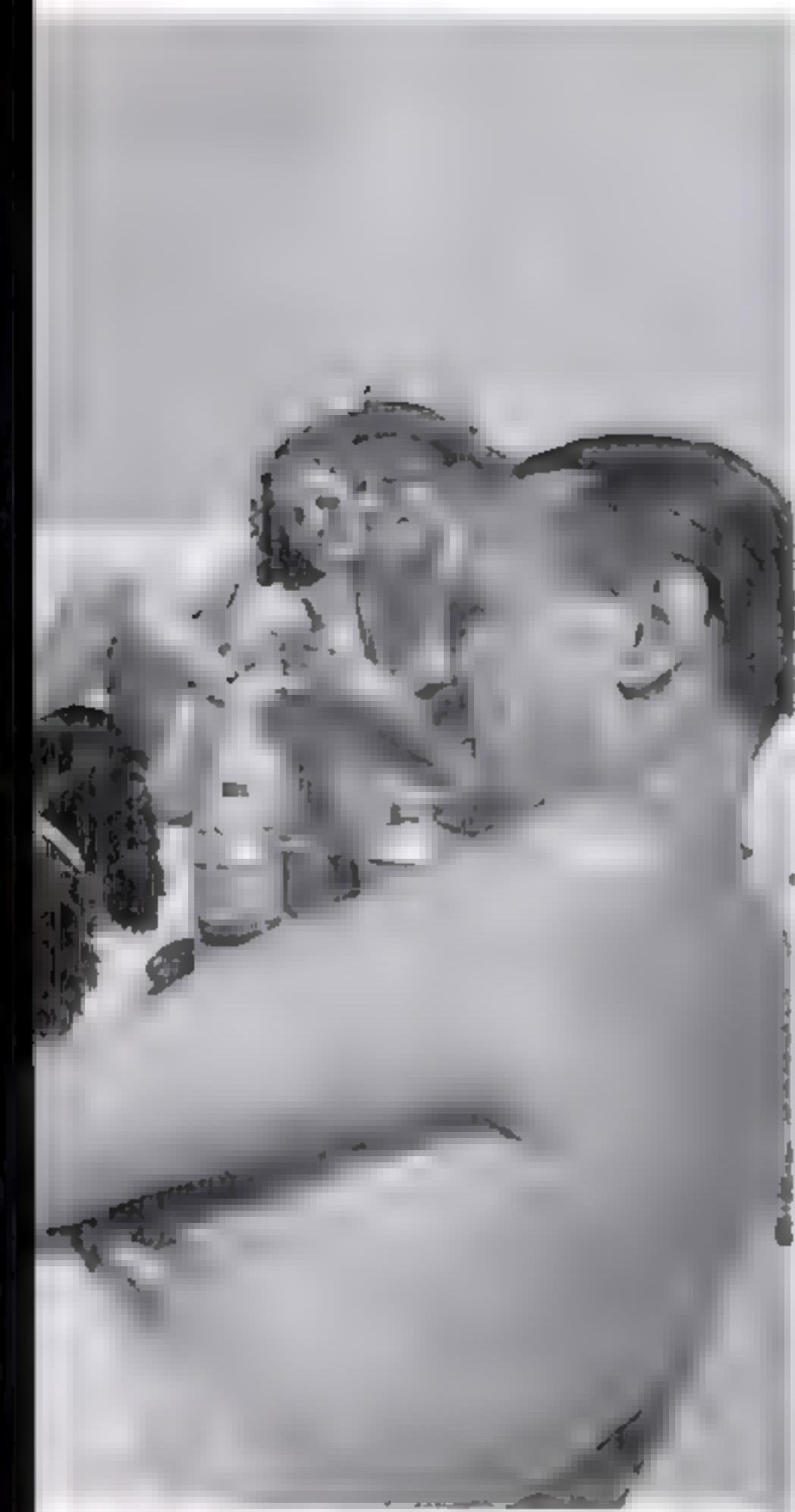


AT LUNCH ON BEACH Prince Obolensky lounges in the foreground. At the far left is Mrs. Byron Foy, whose

HOSTS OFFER EVERYTHING FROM A LATE BREAKFAST TO A BLACK-TIE DINNER



DUKE BOX quarters are in outbuildings off the Duke estate garden (right). Rooms above garage in center are



husband, vice president of Chrysler Corp., is wearing shirt. In center is a cocker spaniel who is called Hiccup.

People invited to a weekend at the Duke Box usually find the pace exciting. After a late breakfast with the "bachelors" (several have been married from time to time), they pile into jeeps for the beach, which offers some of the finest swimming on the Atlantic coast. In the afternoon cocktails are served outdoors by the cow barn. Then, after a quick change into formal clothes, they may dine with celebrities like James Stewart, Henry Ford II or Gary Cooper.



where the men sleep. At left, enclosed by a fence, is the cow barn, which is fitted with a bar and a "trophy" room



FORMAL DINNER PARTY is held at the main house with Mr. and Mrs. Duke presiding at either end of the

main table. Flanking Mrs. Duke are James Stewart (right) and Henry Ford II (left). At right rear is Gary Cooper.



BEACH HAT serves as an impromptu bread platter at the cocktail party. Holding it is Constance Woodworth.



BACHELORS CLEAN UP the kitchen after a party. Rutherford's hat is decorated with old campaign buttons.



IN THEIR JEEP Angier Duke and his family set out for a trip. St. George ("Pony") Duke is the son of Angier's former wife, Priscilla A. B. St. George.

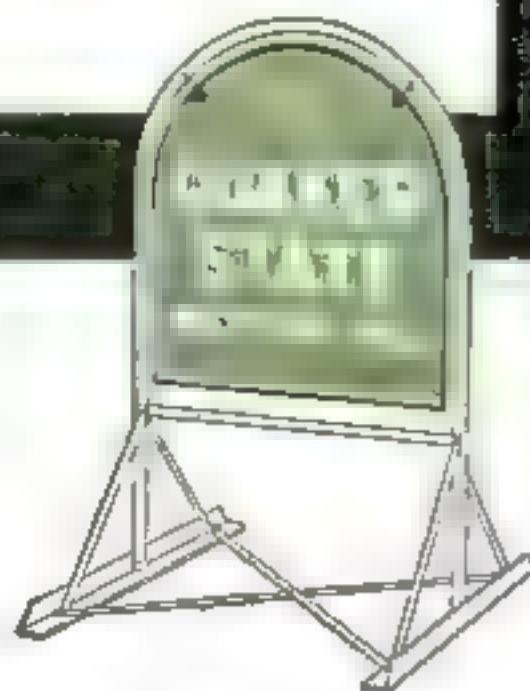


From the same block of wood!

Although these two "old salts" started with the same fine wood, you can plainly see the results of fifty years' difference in skill and experience.

We manage to get different results, too, when we refine the world's finest Pennsylvania crude oil. For we also have almost half a century of skill and experience to draw upon—plus the finest refining facilities in the industry!

It's a simple matter to find out what a difference Quaker State quality makes in your car's behavior. Won't you stop at the friendly green-and-white sign today?



Quaker State Oil Refining Corp.
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MEMBER PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION



BOUNCER'S CIGAR, painted on the barroom wall by Alajalov, offers a fake light to the real Havana stogie of Jay Rutherford, chief organizer of Duke Box.



Elizabeth Johnston. Miss Johnston found the Atlantic breakers a little rough and soon went back to the comfort of a thermos bottle and a warm blanket.

Pard made a pard of my dog...

*Disposition is smoother—
companionship closer... if you
keep him well-fed with Pard!*



SWIFT MAKES PARD rich in nutrients dogs need



And when it comes to the results—you'll see it in your dog's bright eyes and eagerly wagging tail. You'll sense it in his abundant energy and frolicsome play. For meaty-rich, tasty Pard is so downright nutritious—so abundantly endowed with energy-producing elements, no additional meat is ever needed as a dietary supplement! Reason is, Pard's balanced formula is based on feeding studies conducted in Swift & Company's laboratories. Your assurance of a "square meal" for your dog. So why be satisfied with less? Get Pard at your dealers now!

◀ NOW IN CANS



ASK YOUR VETERINARIAN how proper feeding can help prevent many common dog ailments. Consult him regularly—he's your dog's friend.



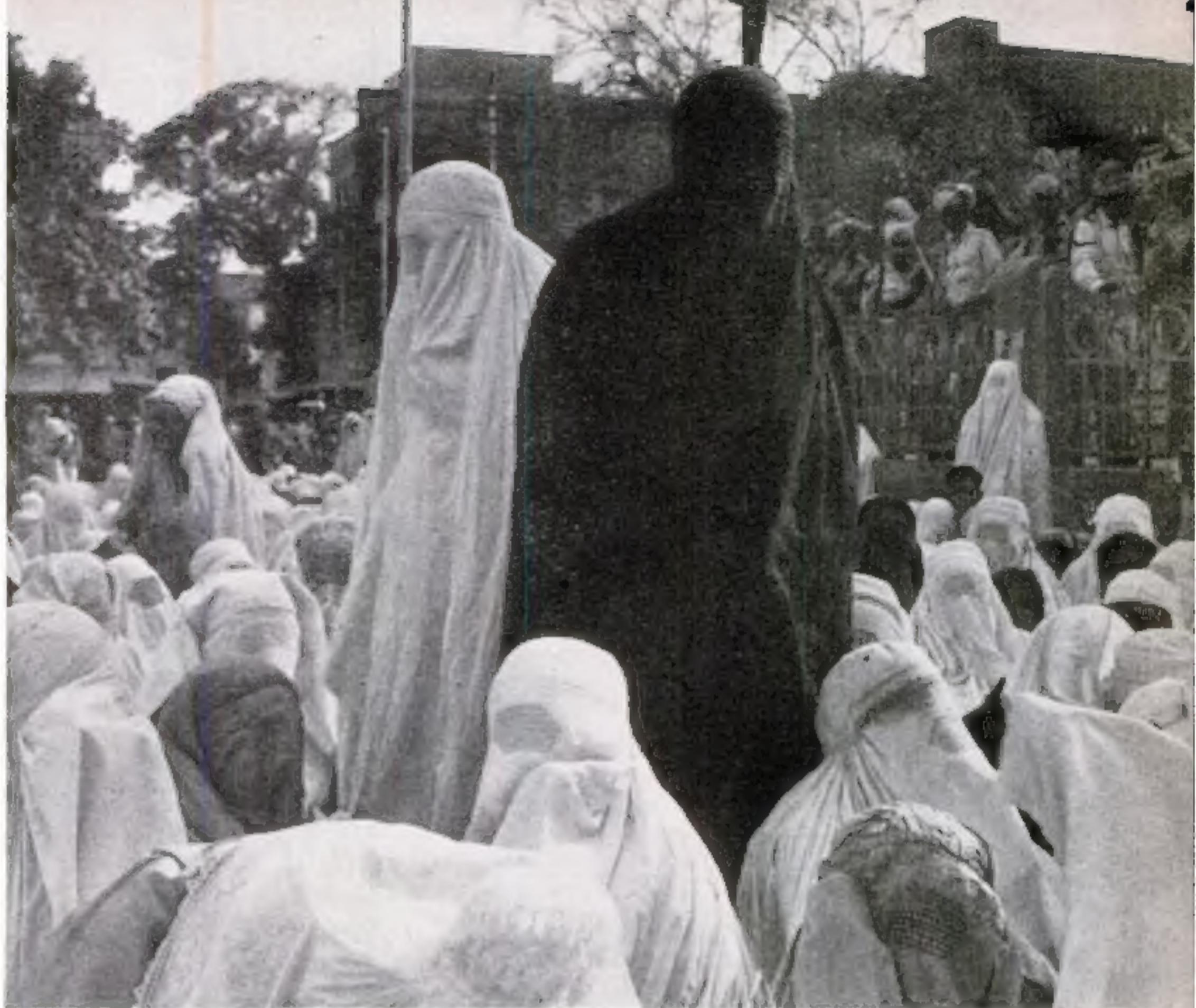
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MISCELLANY

VEILED PROTEST IN INDIA AT WOMEN VOTERS' RALLY

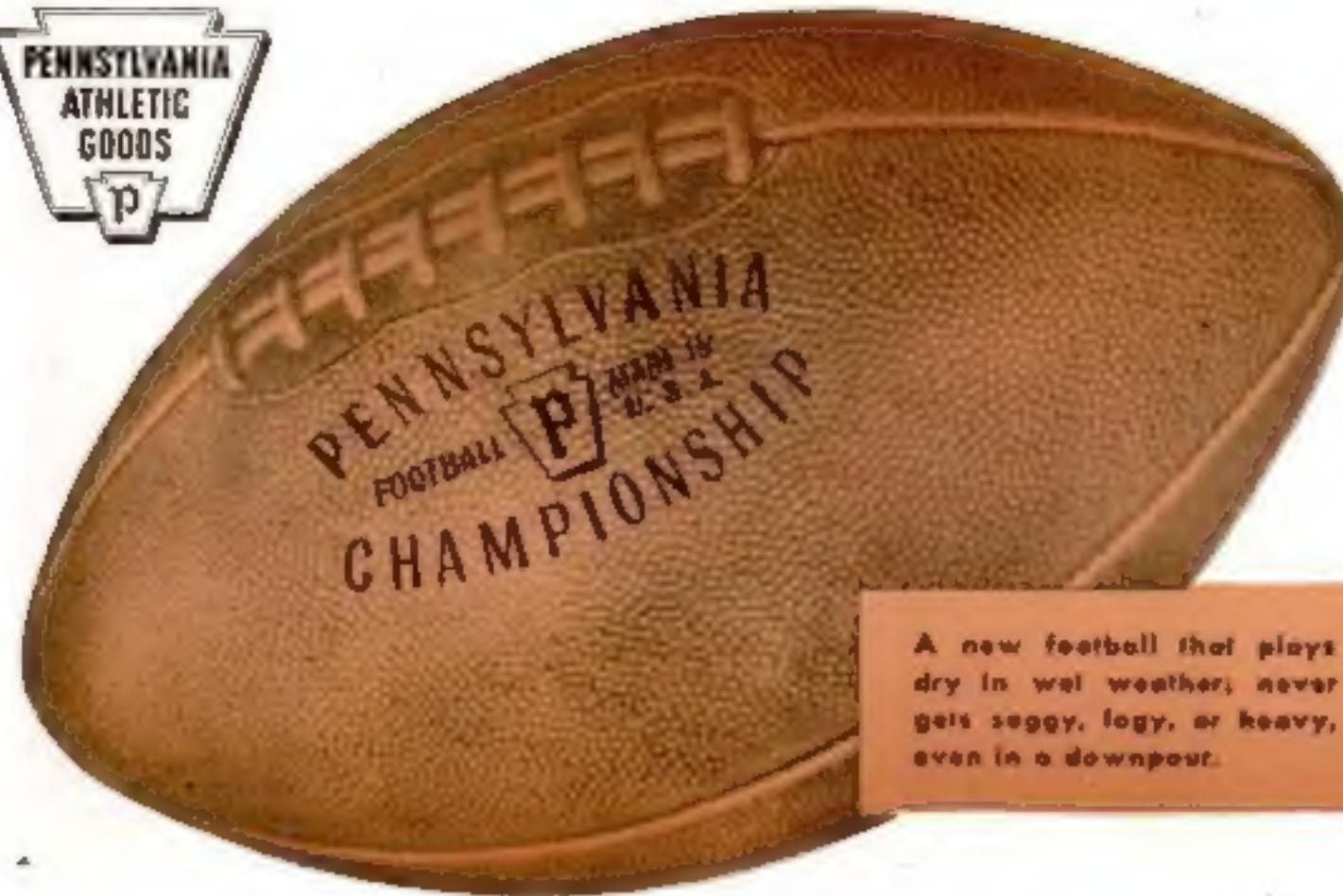
Along with India's new independence has come an old expression of free governments, the political rally. But in India the expression has not yet completely revealed itself. Before last month's plebiscite, when the Moslem ladies of Peshawar gathered in the public square for a rally, each indignant face was hidden behind a black or white veil (right). The issue: whether, when the British Raj departs this month, Peshawar should become a part of the new Hindu Indian state or join the catchall state of Pakistan. The ladies argued for the formation of a third state to be called Pathanistan, but Pakistan won.



AN UNDRESS INSPECTION IN JAPANESE COAL MINE

To the coal mines of Honshu last week came the new Japanese Minister of Commerce and Industry, 51-year-old Socialist Chozaburo Mizutani. Wearing the working clothes of a miner but not yielding his spectacles (above), he visi-

ted with the stooping miners, plugging (like his European counterparts), for a greater coal output. To symbolize Japan's urgent need for coal, Mizutani brought home a huge chunk which he hung on his wall in place of his samurai sword.



PENNSYLVANIA

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF TENNIS BALLS

announces

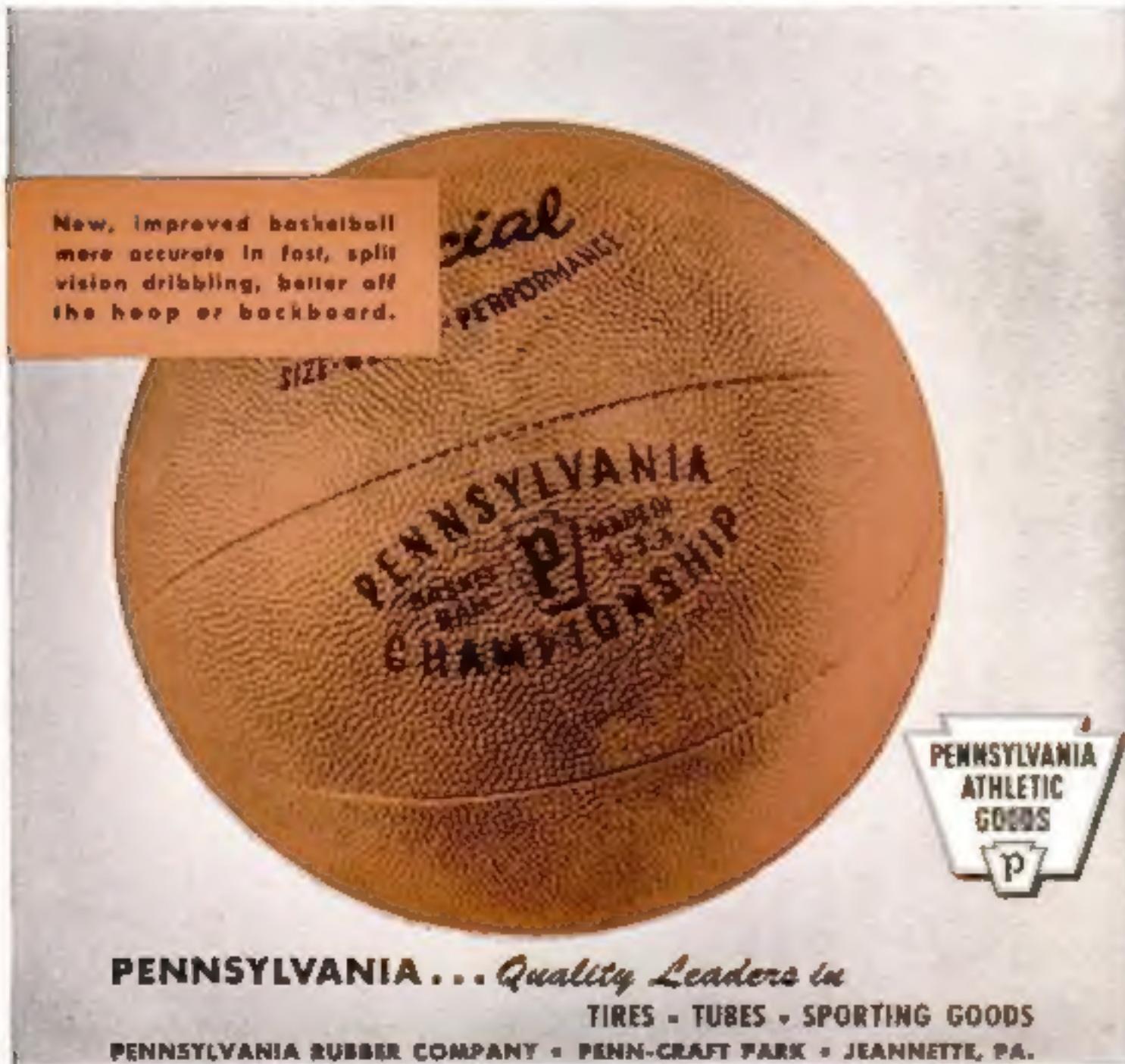
the greatest improvement in

ATHLETIC BALLS

Since valve inflation

- ★ New cover wears three times longer than conventional cover.
- ★ Lower original cost... frequently $\frac{1}{2}$ less than balls of comparable performance.
- ★ Official size, weight, shape and performance.

These balls are covered with Permyde... a new, tough, scuff proof, one-piece molded cover that holds its shape and original finish... yet looks and feels like the conventional cover. See them at your leading local sporting goods, hardware or department store today.



PENNSYLVANIA... Quality Leaders in
TIRES - TUBES - SPORTING GOODS
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY • PENN-CRAFT PARK • JEANNETTE, PA.

MISCELLANY CONTINUED

A WIT IS REMEMBERED IN KENTUCKY

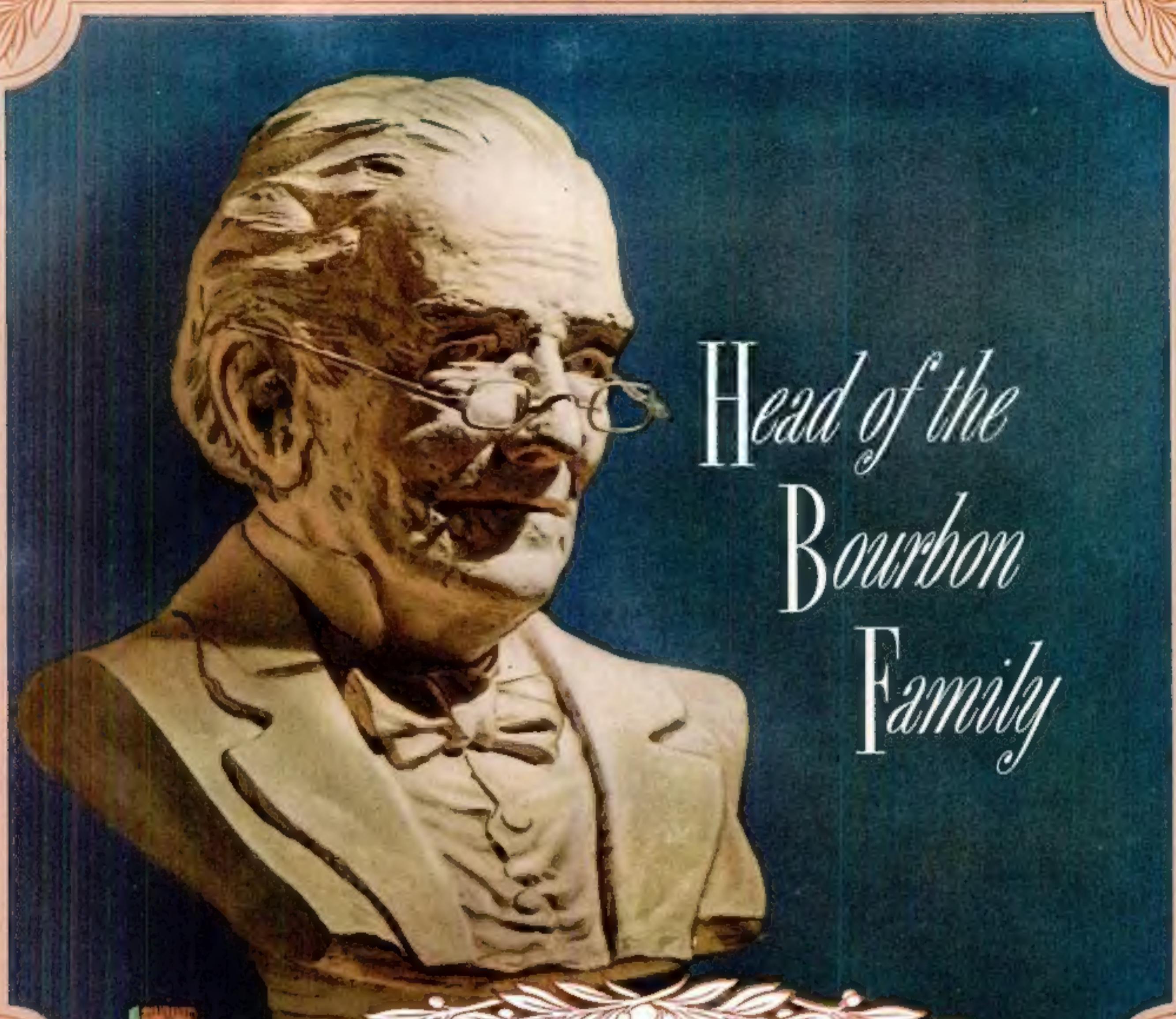
To the heirs of fun-loving Irvin Cobb, novelist who arranged a gay party for his funeral in 1944, fell the happy lot of celebrating the annual Cobb Week in Paducah, Ky. At the end Beauty Winner Carolyn Carter posed with a cutout of Cobb (below).



A DREAM IS FORGOTTEN IN GERMANY

To the heirs of Adolf Hitler fell the sad lot of smashing heroic "victory statues" (below) which were to be placed about Germany as soon as the Nazis had completed their conquest of Europe. Finished during the war, they were never needed.





Head of the Bourbon Family

Every glorious drop of Old Grand-Dad more than fulfills the promise of mellow goodness implied by its lustrous amber color. For here is a grand Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey whose reputation has been gained solely on its distinctively fine qualities—qualities which have won it a proud place at the Head of the Bourbon Family.



BOTTLED
IN
BOND
100
Proof

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

**EXPERIENCE IS THE
BEST TEACHER!**



More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



A different brand every day! Yes, that's the way it was during the war shortage. That's how millions learned the big differences in cigarette quality... why more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

With millions of smokers who have tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience"!

REMEMBER the cigarette shortage during the war? That was the biggest comparison test in cigarette history.

From day to day... pack to pack... people smoked whatever was available: more different brands than they would normally try in a lifetime.

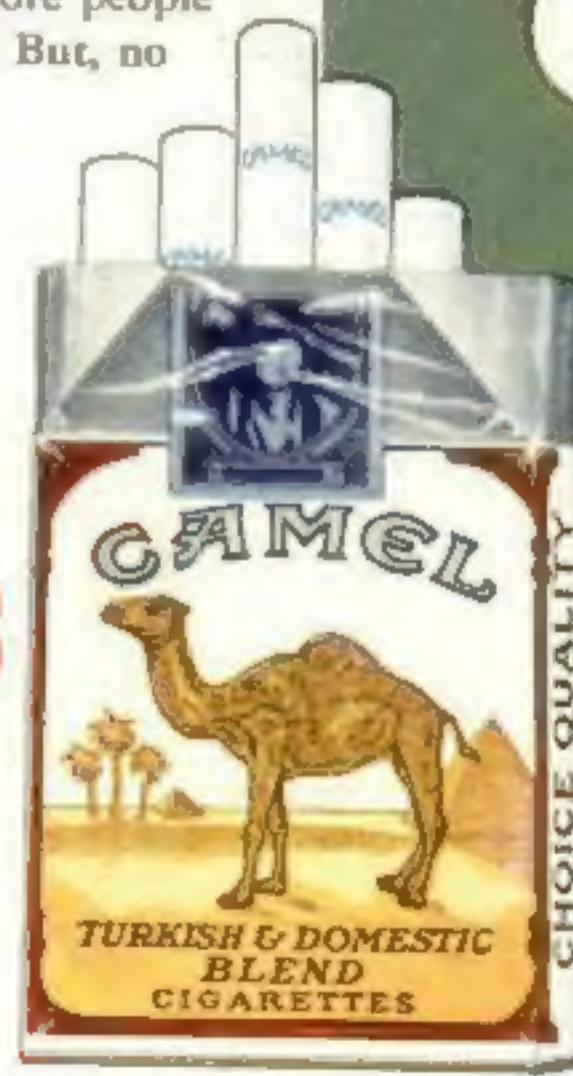
The results speak for themselves. More people are smoking Camels than ever before! But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
than any other cigarette**

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.